

Vengeance is MINE

Harry's eyes cracked open and he took in his surroundings with a glance. For a few moments, he stared in shocked incomprehension as his mind refused to believe what his eyes were seeing. The last thing he remembered was sitting in Potions class and then . . . something strange had happened.

"What in the hell am I doing back in the cupboard?" Harry muttered to himself, "and what in the hell am I doing in this godforsaken place?"

"Shut your mouth boy," the door opened and his Uncle's purple face filled doorway. "You had better remain silent and think about all the sacrifices your aunt and I have made so that you could live here."

"Only taking in triple the amount of calories needed to sustain a full grown whale?" Harry smirked, "now why don't you explain why I'm here."

"Why you're here?" Vernon looked like he was going to explode, "you're here because there are laws that say we can't throw you into the bloody street."

"You don't have the guts to throw out," Harry was starting to get angry. "You fat dumb piece of penguin excitement."

"Grwaaaaaaa," Vernon grabbed his nephew by the arm and marched towards the door. "Don't have the guts do I? Get out and never come back."

Harry flew out the door and landed painfully on the front walk, standing to dust himself off he took one last look at the front door.

"Guess I was wrong," Harry's tone turned thoughtful. "Guess he did have the guts after all."

Taking a look at himself for the first time since awakening in the cupboard, Harry was surprised to see that he had apparently regressed into a younger body.

"Now why didn't that dumb bastard notice?" Harry began walking down the street, "and where in the hell are my things?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Harry continued his walk to the park as he silently wondered what had caused him to go on this latest adventure.

"What are you doing out all alone at this time of night?"

Harry jumped at the voice behind him, "nothing officer."

"What's your name?"

"I don't think I should say," Harry bit his lower lip.

"Why aren't you at home?" The police man questioned, "you can't be more than five or six years old."

"I've just been thrown out." Harry had an evil idea, if he was going to be in his younger body then he might as well have fun with it. "My uncle said that I was lucky that he took in a worthless brat like me in the first place and that the law wouldn't do anything to help me."

"He did, did he?" The Police man frowned, "where is your uncle?"

"I don't want to be any trouble," Harry hid his smirk. "I'll just go live in the park, my uncle said that houses are too good to be sullied by my presence."

"Why don't you come with me," the Police man fought hard to keep all signs of rage off his face. "And I'll get you some food."

"I already ate yesterday sir," Harry replied politely. "So it would be a waste to feed me until tomorrow."

"Let me worry about that," the Law Enforcement Officer replied kindly. "You just worry about getting enough to eat."

The Officer lifted Harry up and placed him in the passenger seat of his squad car, "you and I are going to take a ride to the station."

"Can we turn on the siren?" Harry's eyes lit up, it was something he had always wanted to do.

"If you want," the Officer nodded. "Now why don't you tell me about this uncle of yours?"

"He's really big," Harry began. "And his face turns purple when he's angry at me."

"Does he get angry at you often?" The Officer asked as he pulled away from the curb.

"Not very often," Harry shook his head. "Only a few times a day."

"I see . . . does," the Officer took a breath. "Does he ever hit you?"

"I'm not suppose to say," Harry allowed his voice to fall to a whisper. "Uncle Vernon will get angry."

"If you tell me," the Officer gave a warm smile. "I'll show you which button turns the siren on."

"Sometimes," Harry nodded slowly. "But only because he needs to beat 'it' out of me."

"Beat what out of you?" His grip on the wheel tightened.

"I don't know," Harry managed to force out a tear. "But it must be very bad."

"Hit this button here," the officer indicated a button. "It'll turn on the lights and siren."

"Ok," Harry hit the button and was rewarded by a loud whine and flashing lights. "Are you going to hit me now?"

"Why would I hit you?" The Officer knew that he wasn't going to like the answer.

"Because my Uncle says that nothing good can happen to me without a good beating afterwards," Harry forced himself to shiver. "He said that it'll keep me from getting my hopes up."

"Well, I'm not going to hit you for any reason." The Officer replied firmly, "I forgot to mention but my name is Officer Patrick Jones. Why don't you tell me your name?"

"My Uncle usually calls me boy or you," Harry replied. "But my name is Harry."

"Well Harry," the car pulled into a parking space. "We're at the Police station, why don't we go in and I'll give you that food I promised you."

"Ok," Harry nodded.

Officer Jones took Harry into the station house and set him at a desk with a box of doughnuts and a large cup of tea.

"I have to go talk to some people so I won't be here for a little while," the Officer made sure to give a wide grin. "But I'll be back, and when I come back I want to see that you've eaten as many of these doughnuts as you can. Ok Harry?"

"Ok Officer Jones," Harry nodded.

Harry was on his third doughnut when he noticed the newspaper, figuring that he would look to see if there were any signs of Death Eater activity. Opening the paper, he nearly dropped his doughnut when he noticed the date . . . he still had five years before he could go to Hogwarts.

I have two choices, Harry mused to himself as he took another bite of doughnut. I can try to contact Dumbledore to get back to my own time, or I can stay here and try to set things right . . . and make Vernon's life hell of course.

"Hello," a female police officer had managed to walk into the room without being noticed.

Harry looked up from his newspaper in shock, "hi."

"Do you like looking at the newspaper?" She knelt beside Harry's chair and shot him a warm grin.

"I'm sorry," Harry flinched. "I know I'm not supposed to, I'm sorry."

"No one is angry," the woman's voice was soft and soothing. "It's ok to look at the newspaper if you want to."

"Really?" Harry figured that he was overacting a bit, but why mess with what seemed to be working.

"Really," she nodded. "It's very interesting isn't it?"

"Yes," Harry nodded. "But I can't read it yet, just some of the words."

"That's very good," the woman smiled. "I'm Sergeant Samantha, I'm a friend of Officer Patrick."

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry smiled. "Pleased to meet you."

"Those clothes don't look very comfortable," the woman shook her head. "For one thing, they're too big for you."

"I don't have anything else," Harry allowed his shoulders to drop. "I'm sorry."

"It's ok," Sergeant Samantha patted him on the shoulder. "Would you like some new clothes?"

"Ok," Harry nodded. "But are you sure you want to waste the money?"

"It's not a waste to get you new clothes Harry," she assured him. "In fact, I can't think of a better way to spend department funds."

"If you're sure," Harry fought the urge to laugh. "But my Uncle says that I should be Happy to get Dudley's old things and my Aunt agrees

with him, she says that a worthless boy like me should be happy for what I get."

"Well I disagree." She had to force herself not to frown, child neglect cases always got to her. "I'll have some new clothes for you in just a second."

The Policewoman left the room and returned a few minutes later carrying a box of clothing, "why don't you change out of those clothes and into these ones?"

"Will you wait outside?" Harry turned red. "I don't want to do it with you watching me."

"I'll be right outside if you need me," the policewoman agreed. "Just knock on the door."

"Ok," Harry gave struggled pitifully with his shirt for a few moments before conceding defeat, looked like Vernon's throw might have broken something. Walking toward the door with a sigh, Harry knocked.

"Yes?" Sergeant Samantha knelt down and smiled.

"I can't get my shirt off," Harry admitted. "Could you help me, but only with that?"

"Sure I can," the Policewoman winced she saw the line of scar, the bruises, and the half healed cuts that covered the boy's chest and back. "Harry, could you tell me how all this happened?"

"I'm not supposed to say," Harry frowned.

"That's ok," Sergeant Samantha smiled. "But I'm going to have to call my friend in to look at all this, he's a Paramedic and he'll help you."

"Ok," Harry nodded.

The woman stepped outside the door for a moment and called in a Paramedic. "Harry, this is my friend Nigel. He's a Paramedic, that means that he rides around in an ambulance."

"Hello Harry," Nigel smiled.

"Hello Nigel," Harry smiled back.

The man spent several minutes checking over and bandaging Harry's injuries before he would allow Harry to resume changing.

"Thanks for being so patient Harry," Nigel smiled. "Sergeant Samantha and I will give you some privacy so that you can get back to changing."

"I do have to ask one thing before I go," Sergeant Samantha smiled. "What's your address?"

"Why?" Harry's eyes narrowed.

"So we can drop off your old clothes," Sergeant Samantha answered with a straight face.

"Oh," Harry couldn't believe that they expected him to fall for such a lame trick. "It's number 4 Privet Drive."

"Thank you Harry," Sergeant Samantha smiled. "You've been a lot of help."

Sergeant Samantha took Nigel by the arm and the two of them stepped out into the hallway.

"Well?" She forced herself to keep her voice down to keep the boy from overhearing.

"I found signs consistent with neglect and abuse," Nigel confirmed. "One of the bruises on his arm looked like it had been caused by a large hand gripping it to tight."

"That's all I needed to hear," Sergeant Samantha gave a cold smile. "Jones, go talk to the people at Number 4 Privet Drive."

"On it," the Officer nodded. "I have a feeling that this one might resist arrest so . . ."

"Be sure to bring a lot of back up," the woman nodded. "I think you're right about this one resisting arrest."

Three hours later, a badly beaten Vernon Dursley was escorted into the Police Station by several large humorless officers.

"Toss him in cell three," Sergeant Samantha ordered coldly.

"Isn't that the one with the biker gang?"

"Your point is?"

"Just asking," the Officer shrugged. "Wanted to make sure I didn't put him somewhere else by mistake."

"Get to it," the Sergeant smiled. "I want his stay to be memorable."

It wasn't until the next day that Dumbledore managed to track down the whereabouts of Harry and his relatives. He had been awoken early the previous morning by a frantic Ms. Figg, and had spent the intervening time searching.

"Can I help you?" The Desk Sergeant greeted the old man with a frown, "I'm looking for Harry Potter and Vernon Dursley."

"Why?"

In the end, it had taken the Headmaster several hours and several memory charms before he managed to get things the way they were supposed to be. Over their protests, he had placed Harry back with his relatives and insured their cooperation with several threats.

Wonder why he didn't bother wiping our memories, Harry mused to himself. Guess it doesn't really matter, I wonder what I should do to Vernon tomorrow.

IIIIIIII

"Hello sir," Harry walked up to the front desk in a police station.

"Hello lad," the Desk Sargent smiled. "What can I do for you?"

"My uncle told me to go out and give a group of lonely men a good time for some money," Harry frowned. "And he said to avoid the stupid pigs because they'd just ruin everything."

"Really?" The Policeman fought to remain calm. "Did he say anything else."

"No sir," Harry shook his head. "But I lost the address and I can't find the lonely men so I decided to come here to ask you, they told us in school that you can always trust a policeman because they're smart and good and I thought you could also protect me from the nasty pigs."

"Why don't you have a seat lad," the Policeman gave a warm smile. "And have a cup of tea, what did you say your uncle's name was again?"

It took several hours, but the Headmaster managed wipe the memories of every official involved and have Harry and his relatives back home before midnight.

The next day, Harry's relatives refused to let him out of the house so Harry phoned in an anonymous tip that the Dursleys were selling drugs right before he was to be locked in his cupboard. It seemed that the headmaster's efforts were only successful in wiping the physical records that Vernon had been arrested several times, the new electronic records remained un touched and the Department was eager to finally get a chance to pin something on the man that had apparently managed to dodge several arrests.

The Police that raided the house were shocked and disgusted to find a young boy locked under the stairs rather than the drugs that they expected to find, but in the end it resulted in another charge of resisting arrest for Vernon and another sleepless night of memory modification for the Dumbledore.

"Why don't you take the second bedroom?" Vernon suggested nervously the second he spotted his nephew, "that way you have more space."

"Ok," Harry shrugged. Looked like his relatives could be trained after all.

Harry awoke early the next morning and removed the money needed to pay for his trip to London from his uncle's wallet.

It did not take long to find the entrance to the wizarding world and all he had to do to gain entrance to the alley was bat his eyes and look cute.

His first stop was to the Wizarding bank to make a withdrawal.

"Key please," the Goblin frowned down from behind his desk.

"I don't have it," Harry replied. "But I suppose that there is some way that you can get it for me?"

"Place your hand on the desk," the goblin replied in a board tone. "It will sample your blood and determine if you are telling the truth about having a vault."

"And if I'm not?"

"Then your parents will be contacted," the Goblin continued in his board tone.

"Oh," Harry shrugged and placed his hand on the desk. "I thought you'd lock me up or something."

"Not until you're older," the Goblin frowned down at something.
"Confirmed, how much do you want to withdraw?"

"Is there a limit?" Harry asked quietly.

"No," the Goblin shook his head.

"Then as much as you think I need for a lot of shopping and a bit leftover," Harry shrugged. "And I suspect that I'm going to make at least one very large purchase."

"Have a big sack 'o gold then," the Goblin handed over a big sack 'o gold. "And don't spend it all in one place."

"Ok," Harry nodded. It looked like Goblins treated children differently . . . or he just had a weird one.

Harry's first stop was a shop that advertised used wands.

"Aren't you a little young to be here?" The shopkeeper smirked as he looked down at Harry.

"No I'm not," Harry frowned. "I was brewing up a potion and I must have done something wrong because now I look like this and I can't find my wand."

"Oh," the clerk's condescending smirk turned into a look of sympathy.
"What did they say a St. Mungos?"

"I'll start looking like myself again if I give it enough time," Harry smiled at the half truth. "But until that happens, I need a new wand."

"Of course," the clerk nodded. "Come with me."

Harry followed the man to a large shelf at the back of the store.

"We don't have many," the man indicated a small selection of wands.
"But here they are, pick any one you want."

"Aren't I suppose to wave it and get sparks or something?" This was nothing like the first time.

"Haven't done it since first year huh," the man shook his head. "Won't be as good as your first wand, but it's better than nothing."

"I suppose," Harry selected the only wand that he could grip comfortably. "Thanks."

"No problem," the shopkeeper nodded. "I've had experience with bad changes myself."

"It isn't fun," Harry frowned.

"Speaking of which," the shopkeeper saw the potential for another sale. "I might have something to help you with your ahem little problem."

"What?"

"It's a small device that allow you to look like another person, down to hight and weight." The shopkeeper smiled, "granted you won't look like yourself."

"But I won't look like this either," Harry finished. "I'll take it."

"Excellent, let me just bag up your purchases."

The first thing that Harry did upon exiting the store was to activate the strange item he had bought to make himself look a few years older, the second thing he did was to test out his new wand with a few simple charms.

Harry made three more stops before returning to his relatives house. The first was to buy a new trunk with a self shrinking charm, and the second was to get a bunch of cool things that will appear if I think they'll be funny or enhance the story line and it might be a good idea to assume that he got some candy and food too. And the last stop was to buy some new books, because what fic is complete without buying a bunch of new books.

Harry spent several hours browsing the book store and managed to fill several everlite baskets with an assortment of books.

"What can I do for you lad?" The man behind the counter asked with a knowing grin.

"Err, I'd like to buy these and I'd also like to get a copy of Hogwarts a History," Harry managed a weak smile. "If that's not too much trouble?"

"No trouble at all," the man winked as he reached under the counter. "Here you are . . . Hogwarts a History, hope you enjoy it as much as I do."

"Um," Harry was getting a bit confused at the man's attitude. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," the man chuckled. "I remember what it's like to be your age."

Harry paid for the book and caught the knight bus back to his relatives' house. Taking care not to make any noise, Harry managed to get up the stairs and into his room before the Dursley's noticed his presence.

"Well," Harry muttered to himself. "Time to see what Hermione finds so fascinating about this book."

Harry settled down and began to read, the first few pages were rather boring, giving an overview of the house structure. The next few hundred pages weren't so bad as they mainly covered with the formation of the castle and it was interesting to see what spells and wards were used into the construction. After that, after that it started to get weird.

"I never knew that Hogwarts a History had things like this," Harry turned the book sideways to get a better look at the centerfold. After several minutes of admiration, Harry turned to the next page. "How to

drive any woman wild in bed?" Unable to turn away, Harry read that section, and the next, and the next.

By the end of the night, Harry's face was so red that it would have been hard to convince an outside observer that it could have ever been another shade.

"And this is Hermione's favorite book?" Harry turned the book sideways to admire another centerfold, "guess I don't know her as well as I thought I did . . . I wonder if Ron knows about this."

AN: I had the Hogwarts a History idea and I had the idea of doing a fic where Harry went back in time and tormented his relatives, so I decided to combine them. I might do a separate one of these just for the Hermione scene to turn it into it's own fic, I'm not sure.

Poor Peter, Poor Poor Peter

"Wake up boy," Vernon pounded on Harry's door.

"What is it?" Harry frowned, looked like Vernon needed another lesson in negative reinforcement.

"We're going to a football match," the pig like man replied. "And you're coming with us."

"Why?" Harry sighed, at least he'd have the experience.

"Because that Fig woman tried to brain me with a cast iron pan the last time I saw her." Vernon absent mindedly rubbed his still sore jaw, "and Petunia doesn't want you alone in the house."

"Fine," Harry shrugged.

The family piled into the car and Dudley played his favorite game (Punch Harry) to pass the time, and before they knew it they were sitting in the stands.

"I don't like the look of some of these folk," Petunia looked around nervously. "Why couldn't we have gotten better seats away from all these hooligans?"

"Stay calm pet," Vernon assured his wife. "They won't bug quality folk like us."

The eyes of the surrounding soccer hooligans narrowed but they kept their peace, they'd need more than that to interrupt the game with a riot at this point.

"Quality folk," Harry snorted. "That's a laugh, you, your giraffe wife, and your dimwit son are the furthest thing from quality that I can imagine."

"Shut your mouth freak," Vernon lost his temper and raised his fist. "Or I'll shut it so that you can never open it again."

"That'll do," one of the hooligans nodded to the other who immediately broke a beer bottle over the fat man's head.

The riot that ensued earned a place in soccer (football) history as one of the most vicious in recent memory, forty cars were overturned and two hundred people were sent to the hospital. It was not however without it's positive side, due to the new cameras it was quite easy for the authority's to identify and track down the man that had instigated the whole thing.

"I'm telling you, you've got the wrong guy." Vernon protested as several large policemen dragged him from his hospital bed, "it's not my fault."

"Shut up," one of the arresting officers 'accidentally' punched the fat man in the stomach. They finally had the bastard and this time he wasn't getting away. Vernon had become something of a local legend among local law enforcement, the man that always got off . . . no one was quite clear on how the enormous man managed it but they had never been able to send him to prison for his numerous crimes.

It took three sleepless nights for the headmaster to free Vernon from Prison and for the first time the ancient man was starting to have doubts.

"Have I done the right thing?" Dumbledore muttered to himself, "could I perhaps be making a mistake by returning Harry to his relatives care? . . . Nahh, I've never been wrong before."

It took another three weeks to find young Harry, who it turned out was in Belgium traveling with a group of soccer hooligans in a stolen double decker bus.

"Hello Harry," Dumbledore was dressed in a subdued suit. "Would you like to come with me?"

"Just a second," Harry nodded. "I just want to say goodbye to my friends."

"Ok," the Headmaster nodded. "Just be quick about it."

Harry walked up to the largest, meanest hooligan in the group and tugged on his pants.

"What'd ya need?" The man peered down at the boy that had impressed them all with his impressive ability to catch a thrown bottle and accurately hurl it back.

"Some lonely old man wants to take me away with him," Harry replied innocently. "So I just came to say goodbye."

"He does hmmm?" The man's eyes narrowed, "you wait here while we go have a talk with him."

"Ok," Harry nodded innocently. He was still a bit angry with the man for what had happened in the last time line, not to mention all the times that he had been returned to the care of his relatives.

Ignoring the sounds of violence, Harry set a spare tire on fire and began to cook second lunch for his friends. After all, you can't start a riot if you don't have any energy.

Three weeks later and four broken bones, five for Snape, and a broken nose for one of the hooligans. Dumbledore finally found a way to separate Harry from his new family.

"What's all this nonsense about?" Minerva glared at the hooligans.

The hooligans froze in mid swing, and stared at the strange woman in shock.

"We were just teaching young Harry how to fight properly," one of the hooligans replied. "What are you doing?"

"I've come to take Harry back to his relatives house," McGonagall answered. "And I won't tolerate any more interference."

"Can I stay just one more day?" Harry's innocent little eyes pleaded, "we've only got one more game and I need one more ear to complete my necklace."

"There will be no necklaces made of human ears while I'm around," the Professor replied sternly. "But I don't see the harm in going to one more game."

The hooligans gave a mighty cheer and began piling into their stolen double decker bus.

"Come on," Harry grabbed his future? Past? Professor by the hand and led her into the bus. "It'll be fun."

Harry and his friends spend an enjoyable game which ended all too soon as a mob of riot police descended on the stadium to break it up.

"Well," McGonagall gave a stern smile. "You've had your last game, are you ready to go."

"Ok," Harry nodded. "Will you teach me how to groin stomp?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," McGonagall shook her head. "Come with me."

"But the guys said that you groin stomped several people." Harry protested, "and they said that it was done with more skill than anyone had ever seen before."

"They said that?" McGonagall smiled.

"Yes," Harry nodded. "So will you teach me?"

"Maybe when you're older," Minerva broke down.

"But I wanna learn now"

"And you'll never learn with that attitude," she patted him on the head. "Let all things come in their proper time."

"Ok," Harry replied grudgingly. "First you take away my human ear necklace and now you won't teach me how to groin stomp."

"What was that?" McGonagall had spent a career teaching children and she had a very good idea how to deal with them.

"Nothing"

"That's what I thought," McGonagall nodded.

"Can we go get something to eat?" Harry smiled innocently.

The years past and the Dursleys spent quite a bit of time in prison, it got so bad that Vernon would burst into tears every time someone said the word 'Bubba' and after what seemed like no time at all, Harry received his Hogwarts letter.

"Dudley get the mail," Vernon ordered.

"Make Harry do it," Dudley whined.

"Harry get the mail," Vernon ordered.

"Bubba," Harry smirked sadistically.

"I'll get it," Petunia stalked past her crying husband and towards the letter slot. "Vernon look."

"What," Vernon wiped his nose and dried his tears on the sleeve of his shirt. "What's going on?"

"His letter has arrived," Petunia shouted out in glee. "He'll finally be gone, we'll finally be free, no more being assaulted by police officers, no more time in prison, no more . . . That."

"We promised that we'd never talk about That," Vernon sobbed.

"Is Dudley going somewhere?" Harry asked innocently.

"No, um . . . Harry." Vernon smiled nervously, "you've just received your entrance letter to Hogwarts."

"The best magical school in the world," Petunia added. "Just think about all the fun you'll have there."

"But I wanna stay here," Harry smiled as he added another happy memory. "With the two of you, won't you get lonely without me?"

"We'll manage," Vernon smiled. "Wouldn't want to deprive you of the opportunity to learn magic would we?"

"I don't know . . . isn't there a closer school?" Harry basked in his relatives discomfort, "so I can stay here with my family?"

"NO," Petunia shook her head. "Only Hogwarts is good enough for you and to go to Hogwarts you have to be gone most of the year . . . think of all the friends you can make there, it'll be fun."

"Well . . . ok," Harry nodded. "What do I do now?"

"Now we'll just take you to London so you can get your supplies," Vernon smiled. "And since neither of us knows anything about the wizarding world, why don't you just get a hotel room and stay there until school starts."

"Where will I get the money for all this?" Harry was determined to make them suffer as much as possible.

"Here," Vernon pulled a thick stack of bills out of his pocket. "That's about a thousand pounds, plenty for you to live on."

"Are you sure you won't miss me?" Harry smiled.

"We just . . . want you to . . . have the best education possible," Petunia smiled. "Now off you go into the car."

Petunia watched as her husband and nephew drove out of sight and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Dudley," Petunia called out. "Pack a bag with everything you'll need to live on for the next few weeks, we're going on a vacation when your dad gets home."

"Where are we going?" The young boy's piggy eyes looked up at his mother's face.

"Somewhere that doesn't have extradition treaties with England," Petunia replied. "We've already got our passports, your new name is Michael Hawk."

"Why do we always get new names when we go on vacation?" Dudley's frowned in confusion.

"Because it takes longer for them to track us down and bring us back," Petunia explained. "Your father's name is named Mitch and my name is Sandra."

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"Here you go boy," Vernon stopped the car and motioned for his nephew to get out. "Off you go."

"Bye uncle Vernon," Harry waved. "I won't tip the police off until just before I get on the train."

Harry watched as his uncle sped out of sight and for a moment he contemplated the fact that he might have just gotten even with his 'family' and that maybe, just maybe he should stop tormenting them . . . nahhh, even if everything was even there was still all the years in this time line. Besides, he was sure that several months without negative reinforcement would cause the Dursleys to revert to their normal trollish selves.

Walking through the Leaky Cauldron, Harry pulled out his wand and tapped the bricks to reveal the entrance.

"Might as well get another one," Harry muttered to himself. "If I don't, they'll just try to put the monitoring charms on this one."

Walking to Olivander's shop, Harry took a moment to decide how he was going to handle things.

"Hello Mr. Olivander," Harry yawned. "Why don't you get me a Holly wand with a Phoenix feather, and if you wouldn't mind keeping the fact that I knew which wand I wanted from Dumbledore, I won't mind keeping quiet about some . . . other things."

"That was the most inept attempt at black mail I've ever seen," Olivander shook his head. "If you tell me how you knew I promise not to tell anyone about anything, I'll even remove the monitoring charms."

"I'm from the future," Harry sighed. "And I came back in time and decided to get revenge on everyone, after this I'm going to go to a grave yard and destroy some bone of father, I've already transfigured a few replacements out of raw sewage."

"Am I on your revenge list?" Olivander asked nervously.

"Not yet," Harry shook his head. "Why?"

"Just making sure," Olivander smiled. "Here's your wand, have fun."

"Thanks," Harry grabbed the box. "Do you know where I could get a good trunk? Or a book on ways to torment a pet rat?"

"There's a specialty luggage shop down the street," Olivander replied. "And I imagine that the pet shop might have something."

"Thanks," Harry nodded. "Have a good day."

"You as well," Olivander replied while making a mental note to NEVER do something to get on young Harry's bad side.

"First things first," Harry muttered to himself again. "I've got to go get Hedwig again."

Walking to the Owl Emporium, Harry was quickly able to find his pet owl.

"I want that snowy owl," Harry pointed. "And a selection of your best owl treats, toys, and anything else that would make an owl's life happier."

"Hoot," the owl bobbed her head.

"No problem," the man nodded. "Anything else?"

"What's this do?" Harry held up the only unmarked bottle on the rack.

"It allows your owl to shoot magical beams of focused light out its eyes that are so powerful that they are capable of burning an adult dragon to a crisp," the shopkeeper replied. "You'd be surprised how big the market for it is."

"How much?"

A few minutes later, Harry walked out of the shop with a happy owl on his shoulder.

"HOOT," Hedwig vaporized a passing swallow.

"Stop it girl," Harry glared at his owl. "I didn't get that so you could vaporize swallows . . . come to think of it, I'm not sure why I got you that . . . just try not to be noticed."

"Hoot," Hedwig bobbed her head and focused on another swallow.
"HOOT."

Harry walked into the trunk store next and grabbed one of the sales people.

"Can I help you?"

"Just give me the coolest trunk you've got," Harry commanded. "One with all sorts of features like hidden rooms and stuff."

"Ok," the sales clerk pulled a small black trunk out of his pocket. "This is our coolest trunk, it's got all sorts of neat things and hidden rooms

and it comes with everything you'll ever need to go to school so you won't have to go shopping for more supplies."

"Wow," Harry nodded. "That is cool, why's it black?"

"Because black is cool," the sales man replied in a superior tone.

"Guess I can't argue with that logic," Harry nodded. "I'll take it."

"That'll be a lot of money that we'll take out of your account," the sales clerk replied. "Now get out."

"Bye," Harry walked out of the store. "That shortened my shopping trip, off to the pet store."

"Hoot?"

"I've got a rat I'd like to torture," Harry replied. "And I'm going to get some things to do it with."

"Hoot hoot HoOt." Hedwig replied.

"Sure I COULD just feed him to you," Harry nodded. "But I want him to suffer."

"Hoot"

Harry walked into the pet store and immediately found a book entitled, 'Home Veterinarian - why you should take your pet to a licensed professional, the spells in this book won't kill your pet but will make it's life a living hell.'

"That's convenient," Harry smiled. Walking towards the register, he noticed that one of the rat cages was covered in dark enchantments and holding charms. "What's this?"

"Oh that?" The shopkeeper gestured to the cage, "that cage holds an evil rat."

"Evil Rat?"

"The you-know-who of rats," the shopkeeper nodded. "I wouldn't get too close to it."

"What would happen if you put another rat in there?" Harry's eyes lit up.

"Well," the shopkeeper paused to think of about it for a moment. "I'm sure that it would survive, but the poor creature's life would be a living hell."

"I'll take it," Harry nodded. "Can you put a few charms on the cage to make it unbreakable?"

"Already done"

"What about a charm to prevent self transfiguration?"

"That too"

"Why?" Harry couldn't figure out why something like that would be added.

"It gets lonely in this shop all by myself OK," the shopkeeper burst into tears and ran into the back room.

"That was easy," Harry picked up the cage and peered inside. "I think I'll call you . . .Foamy."

Harry, Hedwig, and Foamy then decided to find a portkey shop so that they could make the trip to the cemetery a few years early.

"Hello," Harry smiled. "I need a portkey to a cemetery so that I can desecrate a grave."

"Really?" The shopkeeper eyed him, "and why would you want to do that?"

"Collecting potions ingredients," Harry shrugged. "Why?"

"Just asking," the Shopkeeper handed over a portkey. "It's two way and it'll return you to a street corner right in front of the most vicious wizarding lawyer's office."

"Wow," Harry took the portkey. "That's suspiciously convenient."

Desecrating Lord Voldemort's Father's was easier than Harry expected it to be and in no time, he had the man's skeleton replaced with his replacement skeleton transfigured from raw sewage.

"Wow," Harry shook his head. "That was easy, could you vaporise the skeleton so it can't be used to resurrect Voldemort?"

"Hoot," Hedwig bobbed her head and focused on the old bones. "HOOT."

"Thank you"

Harry and his pets activated the portkey and reappeared in front of the vicious lawyer's office.

Figuring that he may as well go in and start getting his revenge on people aside from the Dursleys and Dumbledore, Harry walked into the office.

"Do you have an appointment?" The receptionist didn't bother to look up.

"Of course I do," Harry nodded. "Now move aside while I get on with my business."

"Wha?" She looked up just in time to see the small boy barge into her boss's office.

"Can I help you?" The lawyer looked up from his desk at the small boy.

"There are a lot of people that I want to sue," Harry replied. "I'd also like to get my godfather a new trial."

"Can you pay for this?" The lawyer knew better than to judge a book by its cover.

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry replied. "I'm rich, very very rich."

"Ok," the lawyer shrugged. "Who do you want to sue?"

"The estate of Tom Riddle for wrongful death," Harry replied. "And every death eater, even the ones that claimed to be under the imperius as well."

"Ok," the lawyer nodded. "I suppose I can do that, you want the Malfoys on that list?"

"I want the Malfoys at the top of that list," Harry nodded. "And I want to see if you can get Sirius Black, my godfather cleared and released."

"I'll see what I can do," the lawyer shook his head. "But I wouldn't expect much."

"I'll try to get capture the guy he murdered who faked his death and framed my godfather here," Harry promised. "Would that help?"

"Wouldn't hurt," the lawyer smiled. "In the mean time, I'll try to get him transferred to a non dementer section."

The weeks passed and before he knew it, Harry was standing in Kings Cross Station. Walking up to the payphones, Harry dropped in a couple of coins and called Scotland Yard.

"Yes?"

"I don't have much time," Harry whispered. "Vernon Dursley's nephew has gone missing and I shudder to think what might have happened to the poor boy."

"Did you say Dursley?" The voice on the other end of the phone seemed excited, "can you tell us anything else that might help put him away?"

"If you look under a loose floor board under the man's bed you'll find drugs, explosives, and pictures of several prominent politicians in . . . compromising poses." Harry whispered, "and if you look in the photo albums you'll find several . . . interesting negatives."

"What's on them?"

"Pictures of secret documents," Harry whispered back. "I think the man might be selling secrets to our enemies."

"Stay where you are," the voice on the phone commanded. "We'll send someone to get you."

"It's too late," Harry whispered back. "They're on to me, I don't know if I can escape . . . just tell me that you'll put this guy away."

"We'll have policemen there in a few minutes . . . "

Harry dropped the phone and walked through the wall onto platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$, he had no doubt that Vernon had already skipped the country but he might as well take the time to make Dumbledore's life more difficult when he had the chance. Besides, he went to a lot of trouble to plant all that evidence and he wasn't going to let his effort go to waste.

Making his way to the train, Harry found an empty compartment and began to think.

"Hmmmm, which girl should I chose . . . Hermione is incredibly kinky, she has to be with all the time she's spent reading Hogwarts a History." Harry rubbed his chin, "then there's Padma and Pavarti mmmm, twins. Actually, you know what? I deserve a harem after all the crap in my life, it's settled I'm going to have a harem." Harry nodded to himself.

Moments later, the door opened and a red headed boy walked in. "My name's Ron, can I sit here?"

"Sure," Harry nodded. "I see you have a pet rat?"

"Yup," Ron nodded. "His name is Scabbers."

"Why don't you put him in this cage with my pet rat Foamy?" Harry opened the cage, "so they can play."

"Ok," Ron dropped Scabbers into the cage. "What's your name?"

"I'm Harry," Harry replied. "Looks like Scabbers and Foamy don't like each other."

Foamy was chasing poor Scabbers around the cage and she appeared to be intent on causing him grave bodily injuries.

"Do something," Ron didn't want his pet to die.

"Let me just see if I can find out why they don't like each other first," Harry pulled out his book on home veterinary medicine. "I think I've figured out why Foamy and Scabbers don't get along."

"Why?" Ron blinked.

"Because Scabbers hasn't been neutered," Harry smiled. "It's making Foamy aggressive."

"Why can't we neuter Foamy?" Ron frowned.

"Because Foamy's a girl," Harry shook his head. "Besides, Scabbers will live longer and be more healthy if we neuter him."

"Ok," Ron nodded. "You do it."

"Why me?" Harry couldn't wait.

"Because I can't do it," Ron admitted. "Just . . . you do it."

"Ok," Harry nodded. "But you find the charm."

"It's," Ron squinted at the book. "Explosivo Castrado."

Harry took a moment to take in the sight of the wide eyed rat frantically clawing at the side of the cage, this was another memory that he was going to treasure forever.

"Explosivo Castrado," Harry swished and flicked his wand and the rodent began making high pitched squeals.

"What's wrong?" Ron looked ready to faint at the sight of all that blood.

"Let me have the book," Harry ordered. "Here's the problem, you told me the incantation for the explosive castration charm, not the neuter charm."

"I think I'm gonna be sick," Ron turned green.

"Ok," Harry nodded. "Just a second . . . here it is the cauterization charm."

Another swish and flick and the rat was no longer bleeding.

"So he's gonna be ok?" Ron asked nervously.

"Just let me use the quick healing charm and he'll be fine." Harry smirked evilly, that was revenge for his parents. Now all he had to do was figure out how to reveal Wormtail and get Sirius out of prison.

"Ok," Ron watched nervously.

"There everything the way it was before," Harry nodded.

In his cage, Peter glared at the young Potter . . . he begged to differ.

"Have you seen a toad?" A young bushy haired girl opened the door.

"Have you read Hogwarts a History?" Harry perked up, "gotten to page 245 yet?"

"It's a great book," Hermione replied with a straight face. "I've already read it four times."

"Well," Harry smirked he really deserved a kinky girlfriend more than Ron did. "Why don't the two of us get together some time and . . . talk about it?"

"Ok," the bushy haired girl nodded with a hint of red in her cheeks. "Let's talk about it later, I've got a toad to find right now."

"Bye," Harry smirked as the girl left. That was one, all he had to do now was add every other attractive female in Hogwarts.

"Why're you two so interested in a book?" Ron blinked.

"Reading is fundamental," Harry replied. "Oh so fundamental."

"Whatever," Ron waved it off. "So what house do . . . is that the toad that she was looking for?"

"Looks like it," Harry nodded. "I'll toss him in with Scabbers and Foamy so he doesn't get lost."

"Are you sure they won't hurt him?" Ron asked in a disinterested tone.

"I'll stay behind to watch them while you go get someone that's looking for this toad," Harry smiled. "That way we can make sure that the toad doesn't get hurt."

"Ok," Ron shrugged anything was better than being in a compartment with this weardo.

Ron left and Harry watched in facanation as Scabbers approached the toad and bared his teeth.

"Well," Harry mused. "I didn't expect to see that."

Trever blinked his eye and shot out his tongue hitting Scabbers in the side of his head and sending him flying. Jumping across the cage to pursue his adversary, Trever landed on Scabbers and gave him several powerful kicks.

"And I certainly didn't expect to see that," Harry and Foamy watched in shock as Scabbers suffered a brutal beating at the hands of Neville's toad.

"I heard Harry Potter was on the train," Malfoy opened the door and made his first appearance.

"Um . . ." Come to think of it, he never had thought of any elaborate plans to deal with Draco. "Well . . ."

"Out with it you imbecile," Draco sneered.

"Ok," Harry repeatedly kicked the boy in the groin until he fell onto the ground. "Sorry but it was the best I could come up with on such short notice."

Malfoy's two thuggish bodyguards shared a glance and took a menacing step forward.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Harry gave an evil smirk, "did you two want some too?"

Malfoy's two thuggish bodyguards shared a glance and took a not so menacing step back.

"That's what I thought," Harry nodded.

The three boys left and Harry went back to watching Trever administer Wormtail's much deserved punishment.

The rest of the train ride passed and before he knew it, Harry was about to be sorted.

"HMMMM, looks like you've been here before." The Hat muttered to itself.

"Can I have a private room?" Harry muttered, "or better yet a privet wing of the castle . . . I have big plans and I'm going to need a lot of space."

"Yes I see," the Hat agreed. "It would be much more difficult to build such a large Harem if you were confined to one house."

"Great," Harry smirked. "I knew that I could count on you."

"My pleasure," the Hat replied. "It was nice to have an intelligent conversation for once."

"We'll have to do this again some time," Harry smirked.

"That we shall," the hat agreed again. "HE GETS HIS OWN HOUSE."

"WHAT?" The Headmaster's eyes bugged out, "what are you talking about."

"Are you def as well as stupid?" The Hat retorted, "he gets his own set of rooms . . . the east wing of the castle I think."

"And who will be his head of house?" Dumbledore couldn't believe that he was losing to a hat.

"Ask him," the Hat retorted. "It's his house."

"What?" And losing.

"Thanks hat," Harry took it off and put it back on the chair. "I couldn't have done it without your help."

"Go sit sit with the Gryffindors," Dumbledore made the snap decision to ignore the hat. "And we'll figure all this out later."

"No," Harry shook his head. "We're not going to be doing that, I got my own house and I'm going to keep my own house and you'll have to talk to my head of house if you want me to do anything."

"Then Minerva can be your . . ."

"Nope," Harry shook his head. "She wasn't a member of my house so she can't be my head of house, so sorry."

"I see," Dumbledore nodded. "What's the name of your house?"

"I can't tell you that sir," Harry glanced around suspiciously. "The walls have noses."

"I . . . see?" Dumbledore had never had such an uncooperative student, "do whatever you want then."

"Really?" Harry looked like he was ready to jump with joy and Dumbledore realised that he had just made a monstrously large mistake, "YAY."

"Wait . . ." Dumbledore watched as the boy-who-lived ran out of the hall screaming, "I didn't mean it like that."

"Well," Dumbledore looked at all the shocked students. "What do you say we forget about all that and get on with the sorting?"

The entire hall seemed to shrug and the sorting continued.

The hours turned into more hours which turned into even more hours and before anyone knew it, it was time for their first potions class.

"Ah Mr. Potter," Snape sneered. "Our resident ce . . ."

"Let me guess," Harry interrupted. "You're planning to ask me a bunch of questions that aren't on the curriculum and then take points away if I get the answers wrong, why don't you just take points now? That is unless you're . . . chicken."

"Nobody calls Severius Snape Chicken," Snape rose to the challenge. "Fifty points from Gryffindor."

"I'm not in Gryffindor you idiot," Harry smirked. "And make it a hundred . . . chicken."

"Fine," Snape nodded coldly. "A thousand points from . . . what's your house's name?"

"Slythereen," Harry replied. "What are you gonna do about it?"

"You can't be in Slytherin," Snape sneered. "Now tell me your house you arrogant little twit."

"I'm not in Slytherin you ignoramus," Harry shook his head in mock sorrow. "It's pathetic that such a stupid teacher would be hired by the supposed greatest school in the wizarding world."

"If you're not in Slytherin then what house are you in?" Snape was starting to look like Foamy because he was starting to foam at the mouth.

"Slythereen you idiot," Harry was going to have to buy a Pensieve. "What in the hell is wrong with you, don't you know how to listen?"

"Fifty thousand points from Slythereen," Snape screamed. "And get out, all of you get out."

Harry walked out with a smirk on his face, made that a very large Pensieve.

Walking out of the potions class and to his flying lesson, Harry decided to think of a way that he could play quidditch . . . well until he built his harem and recruited his players from its ranks of course.

"Hey," Harry walked up to the flying instructor. "I heard one of the other students say that those who can't teach, is it true that you're incompetence on a broom is only rivaled by your stupidity like they said or is it true that your skill with a broom is only rivaled by your extraordinary beauty like I originally thought?"

"Who said that?" Madame Hooch asked with a twitch.

"Malfoy," Harry replied innocently. "I told him that I thought he was wrong but he insisted that he was right."

"Really?"

"Yup," Harry nodded. "So could you show me how to fly so that I can dazzle him with my ability and prove that your skill was just too immense for his tiny brain to comprehend?"

"Ok," the professor nodded. "Why don't you challenge him to a fly off, him against you in say . . . three weeks, then we'll see what's what."

"Ok," Harry nodded scurrying off. Making people's lives hell sure was hard work, and speaking of living in hell, he finally had a plan to free Sirius

Dear Minister Fudge

You may not know me, but my name is Harry Potter and I need your help. I think that a man is doing things to one of my friends and I need you to come and save the day because my lawyer told me that you can do anything and I know that you can help. I understand that you are busy but I hope you can find the time to do this.

Signed

Harry James Potter

Harry looked at the letter, it seemed childish enough . . . but it was missing something. Harry's smile turned evil, what it was missing was the proper delivery.

Dear Evil Lawyer in my Employ

I'd appreciate it if you would contact the Minister and give him the enclosed letter and I would appreciate it if you would imply that I wrote it on your advice. Please set up a time when the Minister can come to Hogwarts and please see that he is accompanied by several Aurors and several members of the Press. I've found a way to deal with that other matter that I asked you about also.

Sincerely

Harry James Potter

Harry nodded, Sirius would be free in no time and Wormtail would suffer until he got broken out of prison in a few months or years.

The Minister stormed in a few hours later followed by a large group of Aurors and reporters.

"Hello . . ."

"Where's Harry Potter?" Fudge interrupted.

"I don't see why . . ."

"I'm here sir," Harry interrupted. "And I'm so glad you came."

"Don't worry," the Minister patted the boy on the head and gave the reporters a shot that would appear on several front pages. "I'm here now."

"It . . ." Harry let a few tears drop, it was amazing what you could do with potions. "It was horrible, Ron's pet rat is a man and I think he's been doing things to the boys."

"What?" Fudge schooled his expression into one of stern anger. "Show him to me."

"Yes sir," Harry nodded. "Come with me, he's in this cage with my pet rat Foamy."

Fudge motioned for two large imposing Aurors to grab the poor rat and pull him out of the cage.

"Check him," Fudge sneered down at the rat.

"It's me," Peter transformed without any prompting. "I admit it, I betrayed the Potters, I framed Sirius, take me to Azkaban . . . take me away from him, take me away from the explosive castration hexes, the dark lord rat, the evil toad that is always attacking me, the owl that can vaporise things with her sight, the . . ."

One of the Aurors stunned the man, then another, and another, and pretty soon all the Aurors were shooting stunners.

"Umm," the Minister frowned. How in the hell was he going to spin this so that he looked like the hero, an innocent man going to prison wasn't going to look too good come election day.

"Wow," the Lawyer took the Minister's hand. "I can't believe what a tireless crusader for justice we have as our Minister."

"Tireless Crusader?" Fudge perked up, that sounded good.

"Yup," The Lawyer nodded. "You learned that Sirius Black had been sent to Azkaban without a trial and you were determined to prove him innocent, what a guy."

"Wow," Harry looked at the Minister with an expression of awe. "That's why you came so quickly after reading my letter, you knew that he was an illegal Animagus, you must have been trying to track him down all these years."

"You'll have a landslide reelection when people hear about this," the Lawyer added.

"A landslide you say?" Fudge smiled, "release Sirius Black and give this man the Kiss."

"Stern but fair," the Lawyer nodded, "stern but fair."

Harry's Harem

"Harry?" Sirius looked like hell.

"Hey Sirius," Harry waved to his godfather. "Wanna go see my house?"

"House?" Looked like all those years in Azkaban might have taken their toll.

"Yup," Harry nodded. "Come on."

"Ok," Sirius shook his head and followed Harry out of the great hall.

Meanwhile, down in the dungeons, Snape had wet himself. After wetting himself, he felt a terrible chill go up his spine . . . something bad was going to happen. The last time he had felt that chill it had been right before he went on that canoing trip in Georgia without his wand, on the plus side he had managed to grow back his arms and legs, on the minus . . . to this day he still heard banjo music whenever he got close to a dementor.

"And this is the entrance to my part of the castle," Harry motioned proudly. "Well . . . one of them anyway."

"How did you get your own part of the castle?" Sirius looked down at the boy in shock, "I thought you'd be in Gryffindor."

"I asked the hat to give it to me," Harry replied. "Come on."

Harry led his godfather into his unnamed house and the two of them spent several hours going over the story, note: if you really want to know what they talked about go back to chapter one and start reading again. Then when you get to this part, just skip over it and start reading again.

"Is that all?" Sirius had tears going down his cheeks.

"Well . . . no," Harry shook his head. "I forgot to tell you about the harem that I'm planning to build."

"Harem?" Sirius looked down at his godson in awe, "you're eleven years old and you're building a harem."

"Well I'm not really eleven," Harry smiled.

"Forget about all the time travel stuff," Sirius waved off the objection. "And answer the question."

"I'm planning ahead," Harry shrugged. "I may not be able to do much with a harem now, but I'll be glad I took the time to build it in a few years."

"I'm so proud of you," Sirius crushed Harry in a hug. "My godson is sooooo manly."

"What?" Harry wasn't expecting this reaction . . . well actually, he was expecting this sort of reaction from Sirius.

"You're mother would be so proud of you," Sirius smiled. "Her manly little boy."

"WHAT?" This he definitely did not expect to hear, well . . . no, no he didn't expect to hear this.

"Your mother could be a bit odd," Sirius shrugged. "She would have killed your father if he considered it but she would have been dancing and waving flags if she knew that you were doing it . . . she came from an odd family and I think she got this idea from her cousin."

"Cousin?" Harry perked up.

"Yes cousin," Sirius confirmed. "And now we shall never talk about that again."

"But?"

"Never again," Sirius replied firmly.

"Ok," Harry shrugged. "Do you want to be my head of house?"

"Ok," Sirius nodded. "What do I do?"

"Make everyone's life a living hell," Harry nodded then added after a moment of thought. "And help me build my harem of course."

"Can I have a harem?" Sirius rubbed his hands together.

"What would my mother have said?"

"She said that only her manly little boy gets a harem," Sirius drooped. "I asked . . . every day . . . at least fifty times."

"I'm sorry," Harry patted Sirius on the shoulder sympathetically. "But I can't go against my dead mother's wishes."

"I know," Sirius nodded.

"But maybe we can use the whole bad boy ex-convict thing to pick up chicks for one night stands?" Harry tried to cheer the man up, "that way it wouldn't be a harem but you'd still be seeing lot's of women."

"Can't do that either," Sirius shook his head. "Lily thought of that too."

"Wow," Harry was amazed. "Did she do nothing but sit around and think of ways to make your life difficult?"

"Yeah pretty much," Sirius nodded. "I think it's because I slipped James a potion that turned him into a woman on his wedding night . . . or maybe it's because I took James to Vegas and got him engaged to those strippers . . . could have been the time I had James arrested for indecent exposure and had him sent to a Turkish prison for a week . . . or maybe it was because . . ."

"I get it, I get it." Harry nodded, "but why didn't you do all this to Snape?"

"Snape was in the hospital that month," Sirius shrugged.

"Oh," Harry nodded. "Why was Snape in the Hospital?"

"We tricked him into thinking that he won an all expenses canoeing trip to Georgia," Sirius began to giggle. "Then we stole his wand."

"How did that put him in the Hospital for a week?" Harry frowned.

"I'm not sure how," Sirius began. "But somehow he managed to lose his arms and legs and for some reason his greatest fear changed from werewolves to banjo music."

"You learn something new everyday," Harry nodded. "Well, I think you should know the rules of my house."

"RULES?" Sirius almost fainted, this didn't sound like something his godson would say.

"Yup," Harry nodded. "The first rule is that no one can know the name of our house, that is so we can keep telling Snape it's other things to trick him into taking points off his own house."

"Strict but fair," Sirius nodded. "Continue."

"The second rule is that we don't tell anyone the rules," Harry added. "That way we can make up new rules on the fly to make other people's lives more . . . interesting."

"I . . . I think I can live with that," Sirius nodded as he braced himself for the worst. "What else?"

"The final rule is that Harry's Harem belongs to Harry," Harry nodded. "So no one else gets it."

"What about the other girls in your harem," Sirius frowned.

"They're in the harem," Harry shrugged. "So that rule doesn't apply to them."

"I suppose I understand," Sirius nodded. "So . . . how are you going to make me your head of house?"

"I'll ask," Harry replied. "And when Dumbledore turns me down, I'll chose someone far worse Bwahahahahahahaha."

"Good evil laugh," Sirius applauded politely.

The next day, Harry led Sirius to the great hall and looked around with an evil smirk on his face.

"EVERYONE," Harry shouted. "I Have An Announcement To Make."

"What is it Harry?" Dumbledore had a feeling that he knew what was coming, he also had a plan to deal with itbwahahahahahaha (and even in his head, his evil laugh had nothing on Harry's).

"I've decided to make Sirius Black my head of house," Harry replied.

"I thought you said that only people that have been in your house could be the head of house?" Dumbledore smirked.

"There are a couple of exceptions to that rule," Harry held up a finger. "One of them is to spend several years in Azkaban prison."

"I see," Dumbledore nodded. "But I'm afraid that he can't be a Head of House because he's not a teacher."

"Oh," Harry nodded. "Well . . . there is another exception, but I don't think you'll like it."

"What is it Harry?" How bad could it be?

"You have to be a Dark Lord," Harry replied. "Preferably one that has been cast out of his body and forced to live a spirit by drinking the blood of the innocent."

"I'm afraid we don't have one of those on the staff either," Dumbledore smiled, "why don't you just let Minerva be your head of house?"

"But you do," Harry walked to the defence professor. "Lord Voldemort, would you be willing to be my head of house . . . I don't want to be a

Death Eater and I'm certainly not going to take the dark mark but I think your constant inept attempts to kill me will make my life more interesting."

"What?"

"What?"

"What?"

"Wha . . ." Let's just say that a lot of people said 'what' and skip to the next part.

"Accio Turban," Sirius added helpfully.

"Kill him," Voldemort ordered from his spot on the head.

"Yes master"

"Does this mean that you won't be my head of house?" Harry had a sort of confused look of disappointment on his face. "Guess that means that I don't have any use for you."

"Arrrrrg," Voldemort screamed as Harry burned his host body to death with his bare hands . . . again.

"Looks like you have an opening for a Defence Professor," Harry made a mental note to loot the dead professor's rooms later. "And since Sirius is free . . ."

"Fine," Dumbledore nodded. "He can be your head of house and the defence professor.

"Yay," Harry raised his fist in the air. "Let's go have a drunken house party."

"Harry," Sirius interjected a voice of reason. "You're in first year, you can't get drunk."

"Rule two forty seven dash five," Harry replied smugly.

"Oh . . . right," Sirius nodded. "Never mind, you can get drunk."

"Yay," Harry and Sirius rushed out of the room.

And Dumbledore had a feeling that he was going to regret not insisting that Voldemort become Harry's head of house.

"That was fun," Harry chuckled. "Wanna go do some looting?"

"Sounds like a plan," Sirius nodded. "Let's go."

The two of them walked up to the defence classroom and into the professor's office.

"Doesn't look like anyone's cleaned this place for quite some time," Harry glanced around in shock.

"Hey," Sirius pulled a parchment out from under a pile of books. "It's my homework from first year."

"How'd you do?"

"Failed," Sirius shook his head. "The professor said he never got it and didn't give me any points . . . let's get revenge on him."

"Didn't you already get revenge on him?" This didn't sound like his godfather.

"Yeah," Sirius nodded. "But now I have proof that he was wrong so I want to get even more revenge on him."

"Ok," Harry nodded. That sounded more like the godfather he knew.

"What do you think this is?" Sirius held up a strange thing.

"I don't know," Harry shrugged. "Just toss it all in a box or something so we can pull random things out without people asking where we got them."

"What?" Sirius had an odd look on his face.

"It's like this," Harry began. "We may or may not need some sort of strange item in the future right?"

"I suppose," Sirius nodded.

"And if we just show up with something, people are going to ask where we got it right?" Harry asked with a grin, "they'll want to know when we had time to go buy it or where we were able to find such a rare item."

"That sounds like things people would wonder," Sirius shrugged.

"Well," Harry waved his hand. "Now we have the perfect excuse, if people want to know where we found all that gold . . . we just tell them that we found it here."

"If people want to know where we found that odd spell to turn Snape into a woman," Sirius smiled. "We found it here, you're right Harry . . . that'll certainly keep people from pointing out plot holes."

"Now let's go do something else," Harry nodded. "Since we've already established that we've looted everything of value and put it . . . somewhere."

"Great," Sirius laughed. "Don't you have class?"

"I've been skipping them," Harry admitted. "All except for potions."

"Why?"

"Because I like to torment Snape," Harry shrugged. "It's nice to have the shoe on the other foot in at least one life."

"I suppose," Sirius nodded. "I meant why have you been skipping your other classes?"

"Oh," Harry nodded. "Well, stealing the Philosopher's stone and proving your innocence took up a lot of time. Besides, it's not even the end of the first week."

"Suppose you're right," Sirius nodded. "Now run along to potions, you don't want to be late do you?"

"Actually I do," Harry nodded. "It'll give Snape an excuse to try to take points off my house."

"And you have another way to trick him into taking points off his own house," Sirius nodded. "Well get to it."

Harry took his time getting to the potions class room and Snape looked ready to explode when he arrived.

"Do you know what I learned Mr. Potter?" Snape asked in a controlled voice.

"Well . . . I'd say it wasn't how to bathe," Harry rubbed his chin. "Give me a hint?"

"I learned that Slytherin is deep in the red when it comes to house points," Snape's voice heated up. "Do you know why?"

"Is it because your students are inbred bigots?" Harry asked with a grin, "or because the other houses have grown tired of your rampant favoritism?"

"NO," Snape shook his head. "It's because there is no Slythereen house, you tricked me into taking points from my own house."

"Would I do something like that?" Harry shook his head, "I'm hurt that you would imply such a thing."

"What Is The Name Of Your House?" Snape knocked over several delicate potions brewing on his desk.

"Snape's bunch of idiots," Harry replied. "I didn't think you'd ever figure that one out."

"TEN THOUSAND POINTS FROM SNAPE'S BUNCH OF IDIOTS," the Potions Master screamed. "NOW EVERYONE GET OUT."

"Man," Harry shook his head as he walked out of the room. "Did they get it wrong when they said that his house was known for being cunning."

Harry wandered around the school causing havoc and in general making everyone's life difficult when he heard an interesting conversation.

"She's in the girl's bathroom crying," some random girl said to the other. "Poor Hermione."

Harry stopped listening at that point, marveling at how strange it was that with all the things he changed there was still one thing that stayed the same Harry shook his head in wonder.

Shrugging his shoulders, Harry began walking towards the girl's bathroom . . . he had a harem to start.

"Hermione?" Harry called out as he entered the bathroom.

"Go away," the girl sobbed.

"What happened?" Harry hovered over the girl nervously.

"I don't have any friends, everyone calls me a know it all." Tears were pouring down the girl's cheeks, "maybe I should just go home and be normal."

"Remember what we talked about on the Hogwarts Express?" Harry took the smaller girl in his arms.

"Yes," Hermione nodded.

"Remember what's on pages two fifty two and two fifty three, the fold out?"

"Uh huh," Hermione nodded. "Several witches and one wizard in a harem scene."

"Well," this was it. "I'm starting a harem, would you like to be the first girl in it?"

"Aren't we a bit young for that?" No matter how old she was, Hermione was still Hermione.

"I'm planning for the future," Harry replied.

"Would I get to move out of Gryffindor?" Hermione made an unladylike snort.

"Of course," Harry nodded. "As a member of my harem you would automatically be in my house."

"Ok," Hermione nodded. "How do I do that?"

"Well," Harry took a moment to think. "I suppose that we'd better get the house elves to move your things into my wing of the castle and I guess I should tell you the house rules."

"What are the rules?"

"The most important ones are that no one ever learns the name of our house or about the house rules," Harry replied. "That allows to torment Snape and to make up any rules we want to mess with the professors."

"Ok," Hermione hiccuped.

"You're building a harem?" Myrtle announced her presence.

"Yup, t's too bad you're a ghost," Harry looked up at Myrtle. "You'd make a great addition to my harem."

"Really?" Myrtle asked with a wide grin.

"Yup," Harry nodded.

"Well," Myrtle's smile widened. "There is an incredibly illegal ritual that will bring me back to life so that I can join your harem."

"Why should I perform an incredibly illegal ritual?" Harry frowned, "granted it'd be nice to add you to my harem but, well prison scares me . . . especially after what happened to uncle Vernon."

Myrtle smirked as she leaned over to whisper into Harry's ear.

"Really?" Harry's eyes widened.

Myrtle whispered a bit more.

"I didn't even know that was possible," Harry developed a blush.

Myrtle whispered a few more things and pulled away, "well?"

"Illegal ritual here I come," Harry's smile couldn't get any wider. "Just remember your promise."

"Ok," Myrtle nodded. "I'll be waiting."

Six hours later, three crimes against nature, fifteen separate laws broken each enough to put the guilty party into Azkaban for life and a duck . . . Myrtle was alive, sort of.

"I thought you said you'd be alive again?" Harry blinked.

"I am . . . sort of," Myrtle shrugged. "It'll just take some time before I get to the point that I was when I walked in here."

"I guess that makes sense," Harry nodded. "Let's go to my part of the castle, I'll introduce you to the other girl in my Harem . . . now I have two."

"Ok," Myrtle shrugged. He was a little weird but being in his harem was better then being a voyeuristic ghost.

The next day Harry walked into the Great Hall with a girl on each arm.

"Why aren't you at your house table Ms. Granger?" McGonagall approached the strange trio with a feeling of dread.

"She's a member of my Harem now Professor," Harry replied with a smirk. "So she's not in your house anymore."

"Not in my house?" McGonagall was close to tears, this would lower the collective GPA of her house by at least five points.

"That's right," Harry nodded. "Have a good day."

"Wait," McGonagall called after him. "Who's the other girl with you?"

"She's another member of my Harem," Harry explained after all he didn't really have anything against McGonagall. "If you want in, you'll have to take some elixir of youth."

"That's ok," Minerva wondered off in shock.

"Hmm," Harry hummed and then called out. "Well, the offer's still open if you change your mind."

"Why did you just offer Professor McGonagall a place in your Harem?" Hermione asked with a frown.

"Well it's like this," Harry smiled. "I've seen pictures of her when she was younger and I have some elixir of youth."

"Oh," Hermione nodded. "I guess that makes sense."

The weeks past and the the torment of Snape continued.

"Ten points from your house," Snape glared.

"What house?" Harry blinked.

"The one that you're in," Snape growled.

"You're going to have to be more specific," Harry smirked.

"Ten thousand points from . . . those idiot Slytherins," Snape sighed he really hated this kid.

The next week

"Fifty points from anybody named Draco because he's a dumb little bastard." Snape purpled.

And the next week still.

"A thousand points from . . ."

"Yes?" Harry leaned forward.

"From the bottom of my heart," Snape looked ill. But on the plus side, he did beat the sexual harassment suit Harry filed after that class.

And before anybody realised it, school had ended for the year.

"Harry," Dumbledore called out nervously. "I'm going to have to insist that you go to your Aunt's house this summer."

"No," Harry shook his head.

"I'll stay hold the train and stay here with you until you change your mind if I have to," Dumbledore took a lemon drop. He had to remain firm, he had to show the boy who the boss was he had to . . .

"I laced your lemon drops with a potion to keep you more . . . shall we say, regular." Harry smirked, "I figure it should be kicking in about now . . . I was only trying to help, I figured a man of your age . . ." Harry watched as Dumbledore made a mad dash back to the castle.

"Well that takes care of that," he nodded to himself. "Back to business."

Three Blacks and a Lovegood

"Welcome Home Ron," Molly hugged her youngest son. "How was school."

"It was great," Ron replied enthusiastically. "I had all sorts of wacky adventures."

"Wacky?" Molly shook it off, "tell me about your friend Harry."

"Well," Ron smiled. "Despite the fact that I wasn't mentioned in the story until now, Harry and I had a lot of fun together."

"Oh," Molly smiled. "Maybe we can have him over this summer."

"No," Ron's eyes widened and his head shook in denial. "We can't!"

"Why not?" Molly was confused by her son's attitude, "I thought he was your friend."

"He is mum," Ron nodded. "My best friend, but it wouldn't be a good idea to invite him over."

"I'm sure he won't mind that we don't have much," Molly tried to assure her son.

"That's right mum," Ron nodded. "He wouldn't care at all about that, I'm worried about Ginny."

"What's wrong with Ginny?" Molly had an odd look on her face, "I'll have a talk with her and tell her that she's not to bother Harry with her crush."

"That wouldn't work mum," Ron shook his head. "He'd have her added to his harem by the end of the week."

"What?" Molly did not expect to hear something like that.

"The only solution I can figure is to keep them apart," Ron added. "I've taken the liberty of doing a bit of research, now it means that we

won't be able to buy any new school supplies . . . or any used school supplies but hear me out."

"Ok," Molly was sure that she was either in a dream, or possibly that her son had gone insane. Either way, it was best not to provoke him.

"I found an isolated all witch boarding school in the middle of Siberia," Ron smiled. "You can only get to it by using a portkey charmed by the head mistress and it's under some sort of charm that prevents you from finding it unless you've been invited by the headmistress. Now I'm sure that if we send Ginny there and never let Harry know that this school exists that we can keep Ginny out of Harry's Harem."

"What?" Molly was sure of it, the pressures of being away from his mum had driven poor Ron over the edge of insanity, she blamed herself for not going to visit him every week. "Let's go home dear, we'll get you a quiet place to rest and then you can tell me more about this plan to keep your sister isolated from anything male."

"Not anything," Ron protested. "Just away from Harry, he's a great guy but he has an odd obsession with building a harem."

"Lot's of boys have that," Molly patted Ron on the head. "And none of them ever succeed."

"Not Harry," Ron protested. "He's already got two in his harem and several other girls are seriously considering it."

"Whatever you say dear," Molly turned away from her youngest son and towards the twins. "I'm really proud of you two for behaving yourselves, I didn't get a single owl."

"We know," Fred gave a depressed smile. "Nothing we did could have surpassed what they did."

"We turned Snape's hair gold and scarlet and he just looked at us and told us he wasn't falling for that trick again," George looked like he was going to burst into tears. "And then . . . and then . . ."

"He gave us points and started cackling," Fred shook his head. "He said that . . . I, I can't go on."

"You poor dears." Molly was sure of it, her children had gone insane because of separation issues. Those books had warned her that sending her sons off to boarding school would give them abandonment issues, she knew she should have moved the family closer to Hogwarts so that she could come into the castle every day and give them their morning hugs in the great hall . . . but what if it wasn't just her sons? What if all the children were suffering from abandonment issues . . . those poor dears.

Around the British isles, most every student of Hogwarts had a sudden and unexplainable feeling of dread . . . something bad was going to happen.

Molly's resolve firmed, she was going to save all those poor children from loneliness and insanity. She . . . she may have been too late for her own sons, but she wasn't going to let another mother go through the same heartache that she was suffering.

"Hello Mother," Percy joined his family. "How are you doing today?"

"Oh Percy," Molly's arms enveloped her four sons and pulled them close and she started sobbing. "It's ok boys, mummy's here now, mummy will make it all better."

The boys were stunned at their mother's reaction, looked like having Ron going away from home had a profound effect on the poor woman. They hated to think of how she'd react when it was time for Ginny to leave. Silently catching each other's eyes, the four brothers nodded to each other. They would have to find a way to keep their mother from sinking into a deep depression.

IIIIIIII

"Mum, dad." Hermione rushed to her parents, "I missed you."

"We missed you too honey," Hermione's father smiled. "How was school?"

"You seem to have gotten past that rough start," her mother agreed.

"Well," Hermione smiled. "I've made some new friends and I've joined a harem, it's great."

"That's nice dear." Hermione's father smiled, he'd figure out what 'harem' really meant later. "Tell us about your friends."

"Well," Hermione smiled. "There's Myrtle, she's also in the harem. She used to be a ghost till Harry figured out a way to bring her back. And there's Harry, it's his harem. He started it because . . ."

IIIIIIII

"What'd you wanna do this summer Harry?" Sirius asked with a smile.

"How about taking the alias Mr. Black and traveling around the world?" Harry suggested, "I can have all sorts of adventures and convince everyone that I'm some sort of super man."

"Maybe when you're older," Sirius smiled. "Next suggestion."

"How about we go to Gringotts and do some sort of inheritance ritual?" Harry nodded, "then I can find out that I'm the Lord of Azkaban or something and start building up my Army for the final confrontation with Voldemort."

"That's been done already," Sirius shook his head. "Besides, why would you want to go to Azkaban? That place really sucks, take my word for it."

"We could get a spell that allows us to unlock our Past Lives," Harry smiled. "Then I could gain all sorts of cool skills but never use them."

"No," Sirius shook his head. "Just . . . no."

"Ok," Harry frowned. "I've heard that there were some quarter Veela going to a magical school in France."

"Where are you going with this?" Sirius frowned, this could ruin the plot planned for one of the later chapters.

"Just making conversation," Harry shrugged. "How about we free the Malfoy's house elf? That way I won't have to deal with him trying to save me this summer."

"Sounds like a plan," Sirius nodded. "Let's go."

IIIIIIII

Sirius and Harry approached the Malfoy Mansion singing a happy tune and carrying several gallons of gasoline. (Sung to the tune of Micky Mouse)

"Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire"

"Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn"

"Light a match and watch it drop into the gasoline," Harry began.

"G A S," Sirius began.

"O L I," Harry took up his part.

"EEEE n," Sirius smiled.

"Gasoline"

"Let 'em burn"

"Gasoline"

"Watch 'em melt"

"Let their ashes waft into the air"

"Air"

"Air"

"Ai . . ."

"What are you doing?" The head of the Malfoy family interrupted their cheerful song.

"Hey cousin in law," Sirius gave the man a big hug. "How ya doing?"

"Get off me"

"We're committing Arson," Harry chipped in. "Wanna help?"

"No I don't want to help," he reached for his wand. " I want . . . what are you doing?"

"Light the match and watch it gleem," Harry ignored the man and tossed the match into one of the larger puddles of gasoline WUMP.

"Arg," the head of the Malfoy family began casting fire suppression charms. "Look at my outfit."

"Looks ruined," Harry nodded.

"Catch," Sirius drenched the man with the flammable liquid.

"Yay," Harry lit another match.

"Get that away from me," Lucius began tearing off his clothes and throwing them as far away from him as possible . . . and right into the hands of a dozen house elves.

"Hey Dobby," Harry looked down at the small group of house elves in shock. "Are there any more elves working for the Malfoy family?"

"No Harry Potter sir," Dobby shook his large head.

"Do all you elves wanna come work for me?"

"Yes Harry Potter sir," the elves nodded.

"Then let's get out of here before the Aurors arrive," Sirius suggested with a grin.

"Sounds like a plan," Harry nodded.

"We can hide out with my cousin Andy," Sirius suggested. "They'll never think to look for us there."

"We don't have to hide out," Harry reminded his god father. "We arranged air tight alibis before hand."

"Oh yeah," Sirius nodded. "Let's visit my cousin anyway."

"Ok," Harry nodded. "Let's go."

Sirius, Harry, and a dozen or so house elves popped out of the Malfoy Lands and reappeared in front of a nice looking house.

Walking forward with a grin, Sirius knocked on the door.

"Yes?" The door was answered by a young girl with pink hair, "what is it?"

"What's up Nym," Harry pulled the girl into a hug. "I'm Harry and this is your cousin Sirius . . . wanna be in my Harem?"

"I'm a harem by myself," the Girl smirked. "Do you really think you could handle me?"

"I could handle you all day if you let me," Harry nodded. "Should I put you down as a maybe?"

Harry spent a quiet summer and committed relatively few felonies as he was distracted by his many attempts to convince Tonks to join his harem.

"Fine," Tonks agreed towards the end of the summer. "I'll join your harem, now will you stop bothering me about it?"

"Just as soon as you officially join," Harry nodded. "I'll send over the paperwork."

"Great, whatever." Tonks liked kids but this one was just weird, "why do you want me in your harem so much anyway?"

"Lot's of reasons," Harry replied. "You're beautiful and smart and I like you."

"Oh," Tonks nodded. "You just think I'm beautiful because I change myself to look that way, I'm sure you'll find . . ."

"No," Harry shook his head. "I think you're beautiful because I've been watching you shower."

"What?"

"You really should get into the habit of checking for monitoring charms if you're going to be an Auror," Harry nodded.

"So you've seen the real me?"

"Yup," Harry nodded. "And I liked what I saw."

"Ok," Tonks nodded. "I'll be in your harem."

"Yay," Harry cheered.

"But first, I'm gonna beat the living snot out of you." Tonks began chasing Harry around the house, "put monitoring charms in my room? Watch me shower? Get back here you little brat."

Harry managed to escape with minor injuries and decided that it would be prudent to go to the station early rather than risk setting Tonks off again.

"Hermione," Harry called out when he noticed the bushy haired girl on the platform. "How are you?"

"I'm great," Hermione gave Harry a hug. "Let's go find a compartment."

"Ok," Harry nodded.

They got on the train and found a compartment with only a small blond girl reading an upside down newspaper.

"Can we sit here with you?" Harry called out in greeting.

"If you want," Luna blinked, "aren't you that strange boy who burst into my house and saved my mother a few years ago?"

"Yup," Harry nodded. "Wanna join my Harem?"

"Will there be pie?" Luna's nose scrunched up.

"If you want," Harry nodded again.

"Ok"

"Just tell the hat that you're in my harem when you put it on," Harry suggested. "Oh, and ask it if it wants to be my deputy head of house?"

"Ok," Luna went back to her newspaper.

Harry smiled, the first day of school and he had already doubled the size of his harem. This was going to be a great year.

The three spent the ride talking about Harry's harem and debating the existence of Nargles and only stopped when the door to the compartment opened.

"Potter," Draco glared. It was time for the traditional Malfoy walk around the train to annoy the other students.

"Draco," Harry greeted the boy like a long lost friend. "Just who I've been wanting to talk to."

"What?" This wasn't the way it was supposed to go.

"Could you introduce me to your mother?" Harry smiled, "she'd make a great addition to my Harem. Yum yum gimme some."

"Stay away from my mum Potter," Draco screamed nervously.

"Come on Draco," Harry pleaded. "She's hot, and what about your aunt Bellatrix? Can I have her too?"

"I'm telling you to stay away from my mum and my aunt too." Draco stared at the other boy in shock. "And don't try to burn my house down again."

"Fine," Harry nodded. "I won't try to burn your house down . . . if you give me your mum and aunt."

"WHAT?' Draco's eyes widened.

"If you're going to be so difficult about this then you can leave," Harry crossed his arms. "And I'll just talk to your father about this."

"Fine," Draco scowled. His father would straighten things out.

As Draco left, Harry started digging around for a quill and some paper. Writing out a quick note, he handed it to Hermione.

"What do you think?"

"Hey Lucy," she read aloud. "It has come to my attention that you don't want me to burn down your house, it has also come to my attention that you have a secret room that you'd rather not have the Department of Magical Law Enforcement know about. I want your wife and sister in law as members of my harem and it seems to me that you might be able to think of a way for both of us to get what we want. Signed Harry."

"Well?" Harry asked. "How was it?"

"Simple and to the point," Hermione nodded.

"I think it will work," Luna added.

"Great," Harry smiled this was going to be the best year ever and he couldn't wait to see the look on Draco's face.

IIIIIIII

"Lovegood, Luna." McGonagall called out.

Luna walked up to the hat and put it on her head.

"Hmmm," the Hat hummed. "Yes, I'll agree to be the deputy head of Harry's house . . . next."

"You didn't say which house you were intending to put Ms. Lovegood in," Dumbledore pointed out.

"She goes into Harry's Harem," the hat replied. "Next."

It took several minutes for the shock to wear off and the sorting to continue. To the surprise of no one, two more girls elected to join Harry's Harem . . . one of witch (Get it? Get it?) was Ginny Weasley.

"NOOOOOOOO," Ron broke into tears. He knew he should have tried harder to get his mother to listen, he knew he shouldn't have let her mother him so much this summer.

The twins just slumped further in their seats, how were they ever supposed to compete with this boy? First he gets his own wing of the castle, then he drives Snape insane, and now he has the sorting hat recruiting for his harem? They couldn't win, it was just too much.

IIIIIIII

It took a few days for Lucius to send an appropriate response and it shocked everyone.

"Harry," Hermione read aloud. "Deal, they'll arrive by portkey within the hour. Signed, Lucius Malfoy."

"That was easy," Harry blinked.

Minutes later, Narcissa Malfoy and a large steamer trunk arrived in Harry's common room.

"Hello," Harry waved. "Welcome to my harem . . . where's Bellatrix?"

"She's in the trunk," Narcissa explained. "She insisted on traveling this way."

"Oh," Harry blinked. "That was unexpected."

IIIIIIII

"Hey Neville," Harry walked up to the other student. "I just wanted you to know that I put Bellatrix Lestrange in my harem."

"How could you," Neville looked at his friend in shock. "She tortured my parents."

"Turns out she didn't," Harry shrugged. "You'd be surprised what you can learn when you use a little Veritaserum and you can learn even more if you use massive doses of the stuff."

"And?"

"And apparently the Lestrange brothers are more interested in each other than they were in Bellatrix," Harry shrugged. "She was too busy cooing over you and planning to raise you as some sort of dark heir to torture your parents."

"Dark heir?"

"Maternal instinct," Harry shook his head. "She saw you and forgot all about your parents, she planned to rename you Orion and to make you into the next dark lord . . . woman's got issues."

"Yeah," Neville blinked.

"Well I just thought you'd wanna know," Harry smiled. "And I thought I'd warn you that she hasn't given up the idea of turning you into the next dark lord."

"WHAT?" Neville's eyes widened in shock, "but I'm not a baby anymore."

"Well she's been asking about you," Harry smirked. "I told her what house you were in and she replied that Mommy's little dark lord was so cunning, tricking everyone into thinking that he had no intention of going on a reign of terror."

"But I don't," Neville protested.

"Sure you don't," Harry smirked. "You don't have to pretend with me."

"But . . ."

"Oh," Harry nodded. "She wanted me to tell you that she expects you to build yourself a harem too and to and she wants to give you the key to the Lestrage vault."

"But . . ."

"She already escaped the other day and made you the sole heir of the family," Harry ignored the other boy's look of shock. "And eliminated the Lestrage brothers to prevent them from being a threat to her little Orion."

"But . . ."

"I recaptured her," Harry assured the boy. "And she's being very well behaved . . . still insists that I chain her to the wall though."

"But . . ."

"She sent a letter to the Slytherin common room," Harry found this endlessly amusing. "Declaring that every girl in the house was yours to do with as you see fit."

"I . . ."

"One would think that there would be some objections," Harry shook his head. "But they all agreed to it, Draco was jealous of course . . . demanded that they all join his harem."

"I . . ."

"So the girls used some sort of spell or potion on him to change him into a girl and told him that he could now have a part in the harem," Harry smiled at the memory. "Took him a while but he managed to change back to normal."

"I . . ."

"But not before Bellatrix added him to your harem, worked out some sort of deal with his mother." Harry laughed. "Now the girls have been trying to find him to change him back into a girl so that she can take her place at your feet."

"I . . ."

"Draco's been hiding though," Harry shrugged. "No one knows where he is but some suspect that he's in Snape's office."

"I . . ."

"Well," Harry nodded. "I'm glad we had this talk, goodbye Neville."

"I . . ."

It took three hours before the shock wore off and the boy managed to reboot his brain.

AN: Happy Bar Mitzvah Gohan'slittlebro47 .

Hundreds and Hundreds

"There's mummy's little dark lord," Bellatrix had escaped again. "How are you doing sweetie?"

"Arg," Neville tried to escape from the insane woman's embrace.

"Awww," Bellatrix kissed him on the forehead. "I hear that you haven't been enjoying your harem."

"You tortured my parents into insanity," Neville protested. "What makes you think I'll urk."

"I killed the bad men who did that," Bellatrix tightened her hold. "They wouldn't give me a baby so I found my own, my sweet little dark lord."

"Huh?" This was not the way he expected the confrontation to work.

"I just came out find that nasty little girl that keeps trying to escape from your harem," Bellatrix patted him on the head. "Then I'm going right back to my dungeon . . . now where is that niece of mine?"

It was at that point Neville started crying, this wasn't the way his confrontation with Bellatrix Lestrange was supposed to happen. They were supposed to fight some sort of evil battle with spells flashing, half the time he visualised her crucioing him and then being defeated after she let up on her curse to gloat. She certainly wasn't supposed to hold him close and tell him that everything would be ok and that . . . she would find Malfoy and force him/her into his harem.

"Don't worry my little dark lord," Bellatrix cooed. "Mummy's charms are much stronger than those of some silly school girls, Draco'll never figure out a way to undo my work." For some reason that Bellatrix couldn't understand, that only made Neville cry harder.

"Hey Bellatrix, Neville, what's wrong?" Harry had been hiding behind the corner watching things develop and he thought it was time to enter the scene.

"My poor little dark lord has a girl who won't enter his harem and he's a bit disappointed," Bellatrix held Neville close. "I chewed through those ropes you used to tie me up to so that I could come out here and comfort him."

"You're the one who asked me to tie you up," Harry shrugged. "But I think I understand, maybe it would be best to just let him capture the girl himself."

"Really?" Bellatrix blinked, "do you think so?"

"I don't know," Harry shrugged. "But I'm guessing that a dark lord of his calibre would let her run and hide for a while."

"That's true," Bellatrix gave Neville another affectionate pat on the head. "He even joined Gryffindor to make people think he wasn't going to start a reign of terror, what a smart little boy he is."

"Um . . . right," Harry shrugged. "Want to go back to the dungeon now?"

"Ok," Bellatrix nodded. "Now be a good little dark lord while mummy's gone."

IIIIIIII

Ginny was happy, an entire summer of hearing Ron campaign to have her exiled to an all girl's school in Russia had convinced her that she was pretty and the reason for Ron's . . . issues made her even more happy. Harry's Harem, Ginny blushed, granted she had to share him with several other girls but Harry was hers, her childhood dream had come true.

Ignoring as a sobbing Neville ran by, Ginny gave a letter to one of the post owls and sent it on to her mother.

Behind her, Neville was sending off a letter of his own. His Gran would set things right, she'd figure out a way to keep that crazy woman away from him and to prevent Draco from turning into a

woman and ending up in the harem of Neville Longbottom . . . well, maybe just prevent Draco from ending up in the harem.

IIIIIIIIII

Neville's Gran stormed into the great hall and froze everyone with her gaze.

"What can I do for you Augusta?" Dumbledore smiled.

"Where is Bellatrix Lestrange?" Augusta's scowl deepened.

"I'm afraid that I don't know," Dumbledore confessed.

"You don't know?" Augusta's tone was as cold as ice.

"You can't expect me to know everything," Dumbledore shrugged.
"And it's not like she's just going to show up and say, 'here I am'"

"Here I am," Bellatrix walked into the great hall. "Mummy just wanted to make sure that her little dark lord's harem of dark consorts was taking care of him."

Instantly, Neville was surrounded by Slytherin girls who fed him, groomed him, and cuddled him.

"What are you doing?" Augusta asked with a scowl.

"I'm just taking care of my little dark lord," Bellatrix smiled. "He's so cute isn't he?"

"While I do admit that he's adorable," Augusta nodded. "The fact remains that you're still one of the people who tortured his parents into insanity."

"No I'm not," Bellatrix shook her head. "I was too busy taking care of my little dark lord when those bad men did that."

"Really?" Augusta blinked.

"Yup," Bellatrix nodded. "But don't worry, I took care of those two bad men for my little Orion."

"Orion?"

"My widdle dark lord," Bellatrix looked over at Neville with an adoring expression on her face.

"I . . . see," Augusta nodded. "What are your intentions towards my grandson?"

"I want him to have a big harem of dark consorts and to go on a reign of terror so large that his name will be feared for the rest of time," Bellatrix explained.

"Well," Augusta sat at one of the tables and motioned for Bellatrix to sit across from her. "I can't say I don't have problems with a few of those ideas."

"Like what?" Bellatrix sat down.

"Well," Augusta began. "First of all, I'd like him to keep his current name. Why don't we make Orion his middle name?"

"Neville Orion Longbottom?" Bellatrix nodded, "I suppose that sounds good . . . but only if I can still call him Orion."

"Fine," Augusta nodded. "Second, I don't want him to become a dark lord."

"Why not?" Bellatrix was confused, didn't everyone want their children to become dark lords?

"Because the more time he spends on his reign of terror the less time he spends with his dark consorts," Augusta explained. "And I want as many great grandbabies as possible."

"Grandbabies?" A look of delight crossed Bellatrix's face.

"Hundreds and Hundreds of them," Augusta nodded.

"Ok," Bellatrix nodded. "I suppose I can give up my dream of Orion becoming a dark lord if he agrees to provide me with hundreds of grandbabies."

"Neville?" Augusta turned to look at her grandson who was currently buried under a swarm of Slytherin girls.

"Yes Gran?" Came Neville's muffled response.

"You don't have to be a dark lord anymore," she replied. "But on one condition."

"Yes?"

"You have to provide Bellatrix and I with hundreds of great grandbabies," Augusta replied.. "Understand?"

"Hundreds?" Neville sounded faint.

"Yes Hundreds," Bellatrix confirmed.

As he watched this, Ron didn't know what to think. On the one hand, Neville had a harem and on the other they were all Slytherins. Blinking, Ron came to a conclusion. "Better you than me Neville."

"There you are," Molly burst into the great hall. "My poor little Ronnikins, you must miss your mummy so much."

"Ack," Ron was torn from his breakfast and assaulted by his mother's mothering.

"Hey Ronnikins," Flint came over to laugh at Ron's misfortune. "I bet you ack."

"Such a poor dear," Molly latched on to the next boy. "I understand that your attitude is just your way of compensating for how much you miss your mother."

"You . . . you know?" Tears started falling down the Slytherin boy's cheeks, "I miss my mummy so much."

"It's ok dear," Molly patted the boy on the back. "Let it all out, I'm here for you."

"I want my mummy," Flint sobbed.

"We'll write to her after this," Molly promised. "And we'll see if we can get her to come."

"Mummy"

IIIIIIII

"So what are your plans now?" Sirius asked with a grin.

"We've got to find a way to trick Lockheart into coming to Hogwarts," Harry replied.

"We could tell him that there's a monster to destroy," the Sorting Hat suggested. "There is Slytherin's little pet in the chamber of secrets."

"Dumb coward wouldn't come near the place if that happened," Harry frowned. "But we could tell him that we already destroyed it, then he'd come to suck out our memories."

"Sounds like a plan," Sirius nodded. "Did you ever get around to destroying that diary?"

"Oops," Harry blushed. "Let's get right to that."

Sirius, Harry, and the hat walked (or were carried in the case of the hat) over to Ginny's room.

"Hi Gin Rummy," Harry smirked at the blushing girl. "It's come to our attention that your diary is a dark object that's being possessed by Voldemort's younger self."

"WHAT?" The young girl glanced at the item fearfully.

"So I'd like to trade you this new diary and a kiss for that one," Harry pulled out a new book. "So we can destroy it and make Voldemort's life a living hell."

"Ok," Ginny nodded. "Now where's my kiss?"

Harry gave her a kiss and exchanged books.

"What're you going to do with it?" Sirius looked down at the evil object.

"Well," Harry began. "I was going to put it in a toilet."

"Kinky," Sirius nodded.

"Exactly, Voldemort's spirit might like that . . . and it didn't work last time." Harry nodded, "so I was thinking that we just subject it to every corrosive and damaging thing we can think of until it gets destroyed."

"Sounds good to me," the Hat agreed.

IIIIIIII

"You said that you destroyed a monster snake?" Lockheart asked with a charming grin.

"Yeppers," Harry agreed. "And I'll tell you all about it so you can wipe my memory and take the credit later."

"What?" The handsome man stared at the boy in shock.

"But first I'd like to have an exhibition duel in the great hall," Harry continued. "I want everyone to see why you're the greatest threat to dark creatures since Mr. Black."

"Who?" The boy was obviously insane.

"Lord Pontanious Black?" Harry blinked, "the head of Magical Law Enforcement in 1837, famous for defeating numerous dark creatures."

"Right," the narcissistic man nodded. "Forgot about him."

"Well then let's go," Harry led the man to the great hall.

"Attention everyone," Lockheart called out. "Young Mr. Potter and I am going to hold an exhibition duel for your enjoyment." If he couldn't beat a second year then he'd just tell people that he was going easy on the boy, what's the worst that could happen? A tickling Jinx? Does anyone else see where this is going?"

"Take your places," Sirius had agreed to judge the duel. "And begin."

"I'll let you have the first spell boy," Lockheart's teeth shined. "It's only fair."

"Ok," Harry mustered his powers . . . does anyone not know which spell he's going to use? "Explosivo Castrado."

Lockheart gave a high pitched scream and collapsed to the ground in agony.

"What?" Harry noticed that every eye in the great hall had fallen on him, "I thought he was going to dodge or block it or something . . . he was supposed to be a great fighter wasn't he?"

"But who are we supposed to obsess over now?" Parvati and Lavender looked like they were close to tears.

"Well . . . there's always a space in my harem," Harry's suggested. "Your sister can come to if she wants Parvati."

IIIIIIII

"That sure was an eventful year," Harry shook his head as he sat in a compartment full of girls. "I hurt Lockheart so bad that he'll never bother anyone again, I destroyed an object that contained part of Voldemort's disembodied soul, and I killed a giant Basilisk."

"When did you do that?" Hermione asked with a frown.

"Yeah, I don't remember you saying anything about that?" Lavender agreed.

"I took care of it right before we all got on the train," Harry replied. "About an hour ago."

"Oh," the girls nodded. "How'd you do it?"

"I cast a hex on it that caused hot soup to shoot out it's nose," Harry replied. "It's one of the darker spells I know . . . would be considered an unforgivable if it weren't for the fact that banning a charm that makes hot soup shoot out someone's nose would make the Minister who did it a laughing stock."

"Why?"

"Come on," Harry laughed. "It's a charm that makes hot soup shoot out someone's nose, how dumb is that?"

"I guess that makes sense," Hermione nodded. "From a wizarding standpoint."

"And the really dark wizards never use it," Harry added. "It's not dignified enough for them."

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"Mum," Hermione ran up to her parents. "Dad, guess what?"

"What is it hon," Her father patted her fondly on the head.

"More girls have joined the harem," Hermione smiled. "I've got lots of friends now."

Over her head, Hermione's mother mouthed the word 'harem?'

'Some sort of club,' her father replied silently.

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"So what do you want to do this summer?" Sirius yawned.

"Let's torment Remus," Harry suggested. "We haven't done that yet."

"What was supposed to happen?" Sirius frowned.

"You were supposed to escape and terrorise the wizarding world," Harry replied in an uninterested tone. "It wasn't very fun."

"Then why don't we spend the summer on a beach or something?" Sirius suggested, "or maybe we could commit some crimes and frame your uncle."

"Why not do both?"

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A bank in London, three hours later.

"Nobody Move," Vernon cried out. "And Give Us All Your Money."

"Yeah," Dudley agreed. "And Don't Try Anything Funny, I'm Crazy, I'll Kill All Of You And Then I'll Do Things To Your Corpses."

"Do things?" The bank manager asked nervously.

"Yes," Vernon nodded. "Do Things."

"But," the manager looked around nervously. "This is a blood bank . . . we don't have any money."

"Oh," Vernon scratched his head.

"I knew I shouldn't have let you pick the bank," Dudley shook his head in disgust. "Where's the nearest real bank?"

"There isn't one around here I'm afraid," the bank manager didn't want to die. "Please don't kill me."

"Ok," Dudley shrugged. "Let's go daddio."

"Don't call me that Dudders," Vernon shook his head. "And let's get out of here."

Vernon and Dudley rushed out of the bank and into a nearby alley way.

"Got the portkey?" Dudley looked around nervously.

"Yup," Vernon nodded. "Did you remember to drop picture id and a current address?"

"You know it," Dudley nodded. "Let's get out of here."

IIIIIIII

"YOU DID WHAT?" Remus stared at his friend and his other friend's son in shock.

"Tried to rob a bank," Sirius sighed. "But it was the wrong kind of bank."

"Do you know what could happen?" Remus shook his head, "you could go back to prison."

"Relax," Harry waved off the concern. "The police won't even be looking for us."

"What do you mean?" Remus knew he should have met them at the station, only he could curb their . . . ideas.

"Don't worry about that," Sirius smiled. "We were going to spend the summer in Thailand . . . wanna come?"

"Yes," Remus nodded. "We've got to get out of this country before the Aurors find us."

"Well . . . he agreed," Harry shrugged. "Let's go."

"Ok," Sirius shrugged.

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"We identified the suspects in that blood bank job," Detective RandomGuy tossed a folder onto his partner's desk. "Vernon and Dudley Dursley."

"The untouchable Dursley family?" His partner looked up in shock. "Does this mean that we can finally put them away?"

"I don't know," Detective RandomGuy shrugged. "I just don't know."

The Adventures of Foamy, The Kung Fu Toad, and Laser Owl

Last week on the adventures of Foamy and Kung Fu Toad. Our intrepid duo was breaking into Azkaban Prison to teach a much needed lesson to their arch nemesis Wormtail.

"YOU," Peter smiled. "I've got you now, I'm big again and you arrag."

Kung Fu Toad launched himself at the man and round house kicked him in the nose and Foamy had severed Achilles tendon with her razer sharp teeth.

"How is this happening," Peter screamed as he fell to the ground. "You're just a rat and a toad, how can you do this."

Several hours later and a severe beating later, Foamy and Kung Fu Toad made their way off the island by stowing away on one of the supply boats. Wormtail's torment was over . . . for now.

IIIIIIII

Augusta Longbottom was sitting next to her catatonic son and daughter in law. She had come to their room in St. Mungos to let them know about how their son's life was progressing.

"Neville is doing well," Augusta smiled at her two children. "He's being cared for by Bellatrix Lestrange, turns out that she didn't attack you. She's still a bit . . . make that very crazy and had intended on adopting Neville with the hope that he would become the most terrible dark lord in history. I've talked her out of that and now she's decided to focus on building up his dark harem of consorts." Augusta smiled, "she's already gotten every girl in Slytherin and she's been trying to turn Draco Malfoy into a woman so that he . . . she . . . young Malfoy can be in the harem. Just think of it . . . hundreds and hundreds of grandbabies."

"Grandbabies?" Alice's eyes snapped open.

"Hundreds and hundreds of them," Augusta confirmed.

"Wake up Frank," Alice poked her husband in the side. "Our son's building a harem and I don't want to miss it."

"A harem you say?" Frank opened his eyes, "I'm so proud of my son."

"I am too," Alice nodded. "Think of all the grandbabies he can give us."

"And since I've missed out on all these years of my life," Frank began. "I'm going to have to build my own harem so that we have some common ground."

Sadly, only Alice Longbottom was well enough to check out of the hospital that day. Frank Longbottom was forced to stay another week while recovering from severe blunt force trauma.

IIIIIIII

"Did you hear about the wizarding world's new trio of heroes?" One random student asked another as they boarded the Hogwarts Express."

"Yeah," the other student nodded. "Foamy, Kung Fu Toad, and Laser Owl. They're the coolest."

"Did you hear the news about how Foamy, Kung Fu Toad, and Laser Owl defeated the dark lord Ming the Merciless in China?"

"Yeah," the other student nodded. "I heard that Kung Fu Toad took Ming on in Mortal Combat while Foamy destroyed his dark legions and Laser Owl stopped his death ray."

"I wanna be like them when I grow up," the other student sighed. "How cool would that be."

Harry watched the conversation with an odd look on his face . . . this hadn't happened in the old time line. Shooting Hedwig and Foamy a suspicious look, Harry walked over to the first member of his harem.

"Hi Hermione," Harry smiled.

"Hi Harry," Hermione smiled when she noticed Harry. "What are your plans for this year?"

"Did you happen to get a time turner?" Harry perked up.

"I'm not supposed to talk about that," Hermione blushed. "But yes I did."

"I suppose we could have some fun with that," Harry shrugged. "Other than that, I don't have any plans."

"Really?" Hermione gave him a suspicious look.

"I got all my work done ahead of time," Harry explained. "Maybe I could get Dumbledore drunk and shave him or something."

"Harry," Hermione was scandalized. "He's the Headmaster."

"You're right," Harry nodded. "I'll have to strip him and take photos and then submit those photos to the Teen Witch hot hunk contest."

"Exactly," Hermione nodded. "And you might want to put Snape in there with him."

"Why?"

"You know that you've got to throw the Yaoi fan girls a bone sometime," Hermione shrugged. "It might as well be with a necked hairless photo of Dumbledore and Snape."

"I guess that's true," Harry nodded. "Thanks for giving me this talk Hermione . . . I don't know what I'd do without you."

The train stopped and a sudden feeling of cold came over everyone on the train.

"What the hell," Harry muttered. "I know for a fact that there is no reason that dementers should be on this train."

"Maybe they got lonely," Luna suggested from her place under Harry's left arm.

"Hoot hoot Hoot hoot," Hedwig opened her cage. "Hoot hoot hoot."

(Translation – This Looks like a job for Laser Owl)

"Squeek," Foamy got out of her own cage.

(Translation – Foamy)

"Croak," Trever appeared.

(Translation – And the Kung Fu Toad. A toad whose day job is that of mild mannered Trevor, companion to Neville Longbottom. Together we are the unstoppable trio of Foamy, Laser Owl, and the Kung Fu Toad. We promise to fight for truth, justice, and to help Harry and Neville get even bigger harems.) Toad is a very complex and nuanced language.

"Hoot hoot hoot," Hedwig added.

(Translation – and to make that geese ball Snape's life a living hell.) An odd fact that you might not know about the owl language is that the phrase 'make that geese ball Snape's life a living hell' is all one word. Conjecture is that Owls really don't like Snape. And now back to your regularly scheduled program.

A few minutes later . . . nothing happened and after that, an excited student stuck his head into the car.

"Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad are outside," the student called out. "And they're fighting a bunch of dementers."

Harry and his harem looked out the window and were shocked to see the masked forms of Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad battling a group of dementers.

"Has anyone seen Trever?" Neville made his appearance, "what are you all looking at?"

"We're watching a bunch of dementers get their asses kicked by Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad." Harry Replied.

"Oh," Neville watched for a while. "You know . . . The Kung Fu Toad kinda looks like Trever, except he has a mask and Trever doesn't wear a mask."

Harry and his harem looked at Neville incredulously.

"Oh well," Neville shrugged. "I gotta get back to my search for Trever."

The battle was incredibly one sided and in the end Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad were victorious.

"Well," Harry watched as the three animals took off their masks and silently made their way back into their cages. "That's something you don't see every day."

The girls all nodded and everyone got back to what they had been doing.

"Hey Potty," Malfoy arrived to make his yearly attempt to ruin everyone's good time. "What have you done to my mother?"

"I'll tell you when you're older," Harry smiled. "Shouldn't you be in Neville's harem right now?"

"Yeah," Hermione nodded. "Why are you still male?"

Draco just sort of turned white, no mean feat when you consider his normal complexion.

"I'll get you Potter," Draco promised as he left.

"No you won't," Harry called after him. "I'm not letting you in my harem."

IIIIIIII

The sorting went the way it normally did and several girls burst into tears after being informed that they could have asked the hat to assign them to Harry's harem. The great hall looked the way it normally did with one exception. At the Slytherin table, nearly every student had brought their mother to school with them.

"Attention everyone," Draco called out after the sorting had been completed. "I want everyone to know that I do NOT want to be a member of Neville's harem."

"There you are," Bellatrix had finally cornered her new niece. "Now this won't hurt me a bit."

"What did you do to me?" Draco looked down at his . . . her new body.

"Now you can be in my little dark lord's harem," Bellatrix nodded. "What do you think Cissy?"

"I always wanted a daughter," Narcissa nodded. "And now I have one, thank you sister dear."

"I don't want to be in anyone's harem," Draco protested.

"I understand dear," Narcissa nodded. "You have someone else you like."

"What?" Draco's eyes widened in shock.

"And I have a feeling that I know who it is," Narcissa looked across the room. "Molly dear, could you come over here."

"Certainly Cissy," Molly nodded.

"And bring young Ronald if you don't mind," Narcissa smiled.

"What are you doing?" Young Draco screamed.

"Seeing to my little girl's future," Narcissa replied.

"What can I do for you?" Molly dragged her youngest son over to the Slytherin table.

"I was hoping to arrange a marriage between my daughter Draco and your son Ronald," Narcissa replied. "I've seen the way my little Draco keeps bothering young Ronald to get his attention and I just want to see my little girl in a loving relationship."

"Wha," Ron fainted.

"Poor dear, he's so happy he passed out." Molly picked her youngest son up, "since Ron seems so happy about it then . . . then I guess I don't have a choice."

"Do you hear that Draco," Narcissa pulled her new daughter into a hug. "You're gonna be married."

Draco's eyes widened in horror and he too lost consciousness . . . and bladder control.

"Look how excited she is," Narcissa shook her head. "She hasn't lost bladder control since she was ten years old, she must really want this."

IIIIIIII

"Harry," the twins approached with tears in their eyes. "We came to tell you that we concede defeat."

"What?"

"You're the greatest prankster in Hogwarts," Fred and George started sobbing. "We . . . we set Snape on fire and you know what he did?"

"What?" Harry was very confused.

"He told us that he wasn't going to let us take the fall for your work," Fred and George clutched each other. "He told us that . . . he told us that he . . . that he knew it was all your fault."

"What?"

"Even though he watched us do it," George shook his head. "We didn't even try to hide what we were doing."

"Oh," Harry hadn't realised it had gotten this bad.

"So we present to you this map," Fred handed it over. "As our way of conceding defeat and passing the torch."

"Thanks guys," Harry took it. "I was wondering what happened to my father's map."

"Your father?" The twins perked up.

"Yep," Harry nodded. "Prongs is my father, Padfoot is my godfather, and Moony is a good friend of mine . . . don't ask about that filthy bastard Wormtail."

"That's great," the twins stopped crying and started dancing. "The Son of Prongs . . . there's no shame in being beaten by the Son of Prongs and the God Son of Padfoot."

"Do you want to meet Padfoot and Moony?" Harry suggested, "and to help us cause havoc?"

"Do we?" The twins shared a glance, "We'd love to."

"Let's go then"

Three Hours Later . . .

"Gentlemen," Sirius looked around. "I welcome you to Hogwarts's most secret class . . . Basic Pranks."

"Basic?"

"In basic we deal with pranks that affect large portions of the school," Sirius explained. "Such as causing everyone in Slytherin to shoot fire out their ears or something simple like that."

"Wow"

"In intermediate we go over such pranks as turning Snape into a goat and then portkeying him to the headmaster's brother." Sirius smiled at the happy memory, "or tricking him into taking a canoe trip in the backwoods of Georgia and taking his wand."

"And in Advanced?"

"YOU WANT ADVANCED?" Sirius yelled, "YOU CAN'T HANDLE ADVANCED . . . at least not yet, all things in their proper time."

IIIIIIII

"Well," Harry walked into his common room with a large brown envelope full of terrible terrible pictures. "That takes care of that."

"What takes care of what?" Lavender asked with a smile.

"Took naked hairless pictures of Snape and Dumbledore," Harry yawned. "Now all I gotta do is send them off to every magazine and newspaper in the country and my day will be complete."

"How . . . how did you get those pictures," Lavender shuddered at the mental image. "And how did you shave Snape and Dumbledore without vomiting?"

"I didn't," Harry smirked. "I got Draco to do it."

"How did you do that?"

"I told her that I'd do everything I could to get her out of her marriage with Ron," Harry smiled.

"What can you do to get her out of that marriage?" Lavender blinked.

"Absolutely nothing," Harry's grin widened. "I can't think of a thing . . . boy was she angry when I told her that."

"Can't believe that she fell for that," Lavender shook her head in amusement. "So what else are you going to do this year?"

"Well like I said," Harry frowned. "I've already gotten everything done. I can't even have some sort of Dementor sub plot thanks to the efforts of Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad."

"Maybe you should just skip to next year," Lavender suggested. "It's not like you care if people complain that you skipped an entire year."

"I suppose," Harry nodded. "Though the chapter does seem a bit short."

"Then you should have left Sirius to rot in Azkaban," Lavender smirked. "And spent a few more years tormenting the rat."

"I guess," Harry nodded. "Ah well."

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The rest of the year was fairly uneventful, Dumbledore and Snape's photos were published and several people had to be checked into St. Mungos for eye gouging related injuries. Kung Fu Toad started dating Madame Umbridge but the relationship ended badly when he caught her cheating on him with Minister Fudge. Minister Fudge and Madame Umbridge died under mysterious circumstances, the coroner said that it looked like they'd been badly beaten and partially eaten then burned by some sort of high intensity light beam. In the end their deaths were ruled to be accidental. And the children found themselves back on the platform to meet their parents.

"How's the harem going hon?" Hermione's father patted her on the head. "Any new girls?"

"Not so many this year," Hermione smiled. "So far there's only about thirty girls in the harem but Harry says that he'll be adding a bunch of French girls to it next year."

"That's nice dear," Hermione's mother added her own two cents. "It'll give you an opportunity to practice your French . . . wouldn't want all those lessons to go to waste."

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"So what do you want to do this summer?" Sirius smiled down at his godson.

"Well," Harry began. "I was thinking that we could kidnap Moody and replace him with a fake Moody."

"Why?" Sirius looked down at his god son.

"For the hell of it," Harry shrugged. "Or we could prevent Moody's kidnapping or something."

"That sounds great," Sirius rubbed his hands together. "And when we save him we can tell him that he needs to be more vigilant."

The dynamic duo quickly made their way to the house of the famous Auror Mad Eye Moody. When they arrived, they quickly became aware of an argument between Moody and a mysterious other man.

"CONSTANT VIGILANCE," Moody's voice rang out.

"CONSTANT FLATULENCE," the other voice replied.

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILANCE"

"FLATULENCE"

"VIGILA . . ."

"Excuse me," Sirius called out. "Are you there Mad Eye?"

"Who is it?"

"Sirius and Harry," Sirius called back. "We've discovered that Barty Crouch has escaped from prison and plans to kidnap you and replace you and then do all sorts of terrible things."

"And?" Moody asked suspiciously.

"We were wondering if we could kidnap him and find out his plan," Harry explained. "Then you could take his place and we could make their lives a living hell."

"Sounds good to me," Moody nodded. "Let me introduce you to my cousin." Another heavily scarred man stepped into the doorway. "Bad Pie Roody . . . from the Mexican branch of the family."

"Hi," Harry blinked. "Why do they call you Bad Pie?"

"Best you don't know," Bad Pie Roody replied.

"It's because he's a pastry chef," Moody snorted. "And he just happened to be in a restaurant that was being used as a death eater meeting place. Let's just say he got a little . . . creative with the ingredients."

"If you're a chef . . . then," Harry scratched his head. "Why are you so scarred."

"Knives, boiling water, penguins." The strange man began counting things off, "the kitchen's a dangerous place. Mad Eye here became an Auror because he wasn't tough enough to join the family trade."

"Wha . . . riiiiiiight," Harry blinked. "Here's the plan."

The Dark Log

"What's this?" Dumbledore smiled as Hedwig flew through his window, "and he's sending me new Lemon Drops as an apology for what he did to my other lemon drops."

"Hoot," Hedwig agreed.

"Why what a remarkable bird," Dumbledore admired Hedwig's plumage. "Very intelligent eyes too."

"Hoot?" Dumbledore's eyes twinkled and Hedwig's narrowed, she wasn't going to let him beat her in a staring contest. "HOOT."

The old wizard dodged out of the way, not soon enough to keep his hat but soon enough to keep his head.

Satisfied that she had dealt with the interloper, Hedwig vaporised a few pieces of furniture and then a section of wall. Flying out the new exit, Hedwig vaporised a few small birds and disappeared into a low cloud bank . . . which she then proceeded to vaporise.

"That was close," Dumbledore breathed a sigh of relief. "Now let's get back to these lemon drops . . . hmmm . . . I wonder what LSD is? Harry says that he has added a large quantity of the stuff to my new lemon drops . . . well, no matter."

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"I still don't understand why you're going to the world cup," Sirius frowned. "I just don't get it."

"hordes of Veela, the fact that I already know the outcome and can bet on that." Harry smirked, "and the chance to do something I've always wanted to do . . ."

"I don't want to hear it," Sirius frowned. "I never get any hordes of veela and I'm not allowed to gamble."

"Why not?" Harry's eyebrows raised, "did my mother forbid you from doing that too?"

"Yes," Sirius pouted. "She said that I wasn't to be a bad example and she gave me a list of things that I was no longer allowed to do."

"Oh . . . am I allowed to gamble?"

"Yes," Sirius nodded. "She thought it was manly to make high stakes wagers . . . especially if you already knew the outcome."

"Oh . . . ok," Harry shrugged. "I've gotta go see some veela about a harem."

"Have fun," Sirius continued to pout. "I'll just sit here and sip my non alcoholic drink."

"Mum again?"

"Yes," Sirius started crying.

"I'll just leave you to that then," Harry whistled as he walked away. Harry had placed his wager and was half way to the the veela pen when he froze . . . why was Sirius still obeying his mother's commands when she'd been dead for years? And . . . come to think about it, why had he listened to her in the first place? Making a mental note to worry about it later, Harry knocked on the door to the room containing his future harem girls.

"Yes?" A veela answered the door with a raised eyebrow, "what do you want?"

"I was hoping to pass out these pamphlets," Harry held up a stack of papers. "It's a recruitment ad for joining my harem."

"And just why would we want to join you harem little boy?" The veela smirked.

"First of all," Harry smiled. "It's all in the pamphlets, second of all . . . well, let's just say that there's nothing little about me."

"I . . . see," the veela's eyes widened in shock as she glanced at the pamphlet's first page. "What makes you think that you can handle a harem?"

"I've already got a harem," Harry smirked. "Who do you think printed out the pamphlets?"

"And they don't mind the fact that you're adding veela to it?"

"Page two forty three," Harry patted the woman on the shoulder. "And I printed a small map on the back with directions to my tent."

"Oh . . . oh . . . OOOOOh," the veela blushed.

"See you later," Harry smiled. "I have to get a few things arranged for the big show later tonight."

"The game?"

"After the game," Harry leered. "And before I introduce you all to the other girls in the harem."

The hours passed and the game went exactly the way it had in the previous time line . . . odd when you think about it, one would have guessed that all of Harry's meddling would have made things come out differently but it didn't and Harry made quite a bit of money from the payout on his wagers. The veela came to Harry's tent and Harry introduced them to the other girls and all was going well till the sounds of a hundred panicking wizards disturbed their . . . shall we say activities.

"Be right back," Harry grabbed his wand. "Just have to take care of something."

"What are you going to do?" One of the exhausted veela managed to raise her head.

"Nothing much," Harry stepped out of the tent and took a moment to admire the dark mark floating in the sky before he set to work. "I wonder if I can do this to all the marks? Ah well, back to the girls."

Harry walked back into the tent as the panicked screams turned to incredulous and disgusted stares. Beside the dark mark was an effigy of the headmaster . . . sans clothing. The assorted crowds watched in shock as the headmaster image grabbed the green skull and proceeded to skull fuc . . . stop right now, this fic will not have its rating go up. Ahem, as the headmaster's image grabbed the green skull and proceeded to . . . do things to what had once been a feared symbol. As in interesting side note, the river of vomit that was spewed from the hundreds of assembled mouths sunk into the earth and contaminated the water supply for several months . . . but that's another story.

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It was time to go back to Hogwarts so Harry was on the train to school and resting in his private train car surrounded by his many female companions and wondered for a moment if he had finally gotten enough revenge, if he could finally put the past behind him and work towards a new future unhindered by the baggage of his past life . . . naaaah, he still had lots of grief to spread around and lots of havoc to cause.

"Hello Potty," Draco yanked open the door and glared at his arch nemesis. "I had to spend the entire summer with my mother and aunt because of you . . . do you know what they did?"

"I have an idea," Harry leaned back to rest his head on a rather shapely lap. "I'm the one that loaned them all those books . . . have you been doing the exercises in chapter three of the untitled black book?"

"That was you?" Draco paled for a second then turned red with anger. "How could you have let something like that fall into their hands?"

"After reading the description of what those exercises will do?" Harry asked incredulously, "how could I not."

"Fight me," Draco demanded.

"I don't think Ron would like it if I roughed up his girl," Harry waved the boy . . . make that girl off. "But I'm sure that you'll be able to find someone to rough you up so that Ron can prove what a good boyfriend he is by beating them up."

"Arrrg," Draco stormed off.

"Harry that's mean," Hermione scolded. "What did Ron do to you?"

"He snores," Harry frowned. "And I had to put up with it through the first time around . . . he should be happy that I still consider him a friend and have decided not to do any of the nastier things I had planned."

Draco stormed out of the compartment and found another to sulk in . . . what was he going to do? How was he going to deal with this? Suddenly Draco's shoulders straightened, father . . . he could write to his father and everything would go back to the way it was before . . . or, better yet . . . everything would go back to better than it was before.

IIIIIIII

Lucius looked up from his desk as a large regal owl flew into the window and fell to the ground. Opening the window, he summoned the creature with a well placed summon and pulled the note off its leg.

"WHAT?" The head of the Malfoy family's eyes shot up as he read Draco's letter, "oh . . . that's a relief. I thought it said Wesley, looks like Draco spelled Weasley wrong . . . for a second there I was worried that he . . . she was going to marry a non pureblood. Well, back to my plans and nefarious deeds."

Lucius tossed the dead owl into the conveniently placed owl disposal unit and closed the window. "Hmmm, maybe I could enchant some sort of towel to become alive . . . and . . . have it make the Potter boy smoke something hmmm."

His musings were cut short by another owl ending its life on the regularly cleaned window.

"What is it now," Lucius summoned the owl and removed the note . . . again. "Draco again?"

Lucius pulled out a piece of parchment and began writing.

Dear Draco,

I would like you to stop writing me, the constant sound of owls crashing into my window is starting to interrupt my thought process. I understand that you are unhappy at your mother's choice of a potential husband for her new daughter and the fact that your aunt saw fit to change you into a girl. I would like to point out that tradition demands that the mother be responsible for determining the matches in a family and the fact that I sold your mother into a harem does not change that fact. I realise that you might be worried that your betrothed has no means to support you, he is a Weasley after all. If this is a concern then I bid you to set your mind at ease as I have already arranged a rather substantial dowry and you need not worry about sinking into poverty.

Your father

Lucius Malfoy

Tossing the dead owl onto the pile, Lucius looked over his letter in approval. "She needs to learn that tradition is more important than her silly wish to be turned back into a boy and given a harem."

Sealing the envelope, Lucius tied it to the leg of his owl and sent it on to take the message to his son . . . make that daughter.

Minutes later, Draco's anguished scream woke up all of Hogwarts.

IIIIIIIIII

"Sirius," Harry swallowed.

"Yes Harry," Sirius looked up.

"Just why are you so afraid of my mother?" Harry blinked, "and why are you still listening to what she's ordered you to do even after she's dead?"

"You know that spell you used on Wormtail?" Sirius shuddered, "she invented that . . . and many many more, let's just say that she got inventive when she was angry and she had a redhead's temper. . . make that a very intense horrible and absolutely insane red head's temper. Be happy that she was quick to calm or you'd have never been born."

"Oh . . . that still doesn't explain why you still listen to her," Harry pointed out.

"She was always threatening to train a house elf and have it keep an eye on me," Sirius glanced around nervously. "And I don't know if she ever did it . . . if she did then I lose my boys after I make one wrong move."

"That's not good," Harry glanced around nervously.

"You don't have to worry about it," Sirius blinked away tears. "The elf would have thought you were manly and helped you get your harem."

"So couldn't I just order it not to do anything to you?" Harry perked up.

"No," Sirius shook his head. "It wouldn't listen to you . . . on the plus side, Lily's rules are what got me through prison in such good shape.

"How do you figure that?" Harry's eyebrows shot up.

"Azkaban wasn't so bad after living with Lily's rules for a few years," Sirius shrugged. "And sometimes," he glanced around nervously. "The witch in the cell across from mine would take off her clothes and give me a show . . . granted she was in her nineties but still . . ."

"I did not need to get that mental image," Harry gagged.

"Sorry," Sirius drooped. "But it's the most action I've gotten since I angered your mother that one time."

"Oh," Harry nodded. "Sucks to be you, have a nice night."

"You too Harry," Sirius sighed. "You too."

IIIIIIIIII

"Harry," Dumbledore paused for dramatic effect. "You must compete in the tournament."

"Say what now?" Harry turned away from the giggling French contingent, "the hat didn't even call my name . . . and I'm far too busy recruiting all these French girls into my harem, have someone else do it."

"Um . . ." Dumbledore bit his lower lip, this wasn't the response he was expecting. "Every tournament, one of the Headmasters will appoint an extra competitor and . . . um . . . I'm picking you."

"Screw that," Harry scoffed. "I'm way too busy with my harem, you'll have to do better than that."

"How about I teach you some of my brother's spells," Dumbledore leaned back. "They're quite powerful."

"I don't need goats," Harry shook his head. "I've got a harem . . . of girls."

"I see," the Headmaster looked around. "Would you like Professor Snape to join this harem of yours?"

"NO," Harry had to suppress his gag reflex. "Where are you getting these ideas?"

"Just winging it," the Headmaster admitted with a frown. "I've been far too busy convincing people that the figure molesting the dark mark was my brother."

"You mean it wasn't?" Harry called out in false shock, "hey everyone the pervert was the headmaster after all."

"Moving right along," the Headmaster had to raise his voice to drown out the sound of vomiting that Harry's bringing the image back into everyone's mind had caused. "I've . . . got an idea."

"What's that?" Harry smirked, "you gonna offer to memory charm everyone to forget the image of you and the dark mark? Then offer me all the money you make from charging people large amounts to perform the afore mentioned charms?"

"Yes?" Dumbledore shrugged, it was much better than his idea . . . now he got to keep the lemon drop flavored socks."

"You'll have to pay me quite a bit," Harry's smirk grew. "I've got a rather large harem to support."

"I think you'll find my offer to be quite satisfactory," Dumbledore rubbed his hands together. "And by satisfactory, I mean really big."

"Cool," Harry nodded. Looked like that latest batch of Lemon Drops was doing what they were suppose to do.

And So Harry agreed to compete in the tournament.

IIIIIIIIII

"Sirius," Harry ran up to his godfather. "I've got an idea of how you can check to see if that house elf is following you and waiting to enact my mother's terrible instructions."

"Yes?" Sirius perked up.

"Just break on of the minor rules and see if anything happens," Harry nodded proudly. "If nothing happens then you know that there isn't an evil house elf."

"Oh," Sirius sagged. "I've already thought of that . . . won't work."

"Why not?" Harry couldn't understand it.

"Well for one thing . . . there were no minor rules," Sirius sighed. "And for another, I've already tried that."

"What happened?"

"I was sent to Azkaban for several years," Sirius shrugged. "Not sure if an elf was responsible but it happened the day after got drunk."

"Oh," Harry nodded. "You sure it was a house elf that got you sent to Azkaban?"

"You sure it wasn't?" Sirius countered, "I'd rather live a pale shadow of a life than . . . the alternative."

"I guess," Harry shook his head. "Man Mom was a real sadist."

"She was one of the kindest people I ever knew," Sirius wiped off a tear. "Until the . . . incident, after that . . . well, let's just say that she could keep a grudge better than anyone I ever knew."

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"Don't forget Master," Wormtail simpered. "You promised me some new . . . equipment."

"Yes I know," the Dark Lord's spirit hissed. "Still don't understand why you want them made out of silver."

"It's so I can use it as a weapon against Lupin," Wormtail's eyes shifted. "He'll die by my hand . . . figuratively speaking of course, it won't actually be my hand but rather . . ."

"Silence," the Dark Lord screamed. "I don't want to know about your sick fantasies."

"And can you make it bigger master?" Wormtail asked hopefully, "I want it to really hurt when I . . ."

"I SAID SILENCE," the Dark Lord's spirit was starting to wonder if hell would be so bad . . . couldn't be worse than listening to Wormtail's sick plans.

"Yes master," Wormtail sulked. "But since you won't let me talk about my plans for Lupin . . ."

"What is it Wormtail," he cursed the fact that he couldn't use his favorite spell in this form . . . no, no the crucio wasn't enough punishment for having those evil images implanted into his head . . . he was going to have to invent something more effective.

"Since you won't let me talk about things, then why don't we just skip to the first task?"

"Fine," the dark lord's spirit gave a spectral shrug. "Do it."

IIIIIIIIII

"HOOT," Hedwig vaporised a large piece of ground in front of the rampaging dragon . . . let's just say that the first task wasn't much of a problem and move on to the second task . . .

"How long has he been down there?" McGonagall was worried about the son of her favorite students.

"He's still got time," Dumbledore assured his staff member. "Don't worry."

As if by magic . . . heh heh, get it? Harry appeared with another arm full of girls.

"I thought you said the person I would miss most?" Harry carried them out of the lake and put them with the others, "at this rate I'll be doing this all day."

"When we went to the harem to pick one of the girls . . . well they found out what we were going to do and they all insisted on coming," Dumbledore shrugged. "None of them wanted to be left behind."

"I hate you," Harry sighed and turned back to the lake. "Can't we just say I won and get the others out?"

"We still have to wait for the other two competitors to surface," Dumbledore protested. "After that we can retrieve the rest of your harem."

"Fine," Harry dove back into the icy water. At the very least he'd have to rescue Fleur so that she could participate in this event.

And so finally, we skip to the final task.

Harry grabbed the cup and felt the pull of the portkey.

"We've got you now Potter," the Death Eaters rubbed their hands in glee. "There's no escape for you now."

"I don't think so," Harry smiled. "I brought some friends."

"Oh no," most of the death eaters wet themselves in fear. "It's Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad."

"And Bad Pie Roody," another death eater exclaimed causing the rest to befoul their own pants. "The most dangerous pastry chef in all the world."

"Ahem," Mad Eye looked around.

"Sorry Moody," one of the death eater shrugged. "But with the crime fighting trio of Foamy, Laser Owl, and The Kung Fu Toad, not to mention your cousin . . . well . . . we're just not worried about you."

"Yeah," one of the death eaters agreed. "It'd be like being trapped in a room with a ravenous blood thirsty killer and a tax man. Normally you'd be worried about the ravenous blood thirsty killer but well . . . when he's around the tax man he just doesn't seem too scary."

"Can we get on with this?" Harry looked at his watch. "I have plans for later."

"Oh, sorry." The death eaters blushed, "now where were we . . . oh right. Ahem . . . oh no, he's brought friends."

"That's right," Harry nodded. "Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, Explosivo Castrado, and Explosivo Castrado."

"HOOT, HOOT, HOOT, HOOT." Hedwig optic blasted several death eaters.

"Croak," Trevor gave a mighty war cry as he threw himself into battle.

"Squeak," Foamy ripped off a death eater's nose.

"Constant Vigilance"

"Constant Flatulence"

Moody and Roody added their own . . . unique war cries.

After killing . . . or worse most of the death eaters, Harry and his posse grabbed the cup and returned to Hogwarts.

"What has happened Harry?" Dumbledore smirked, everything was going according to plan.

"That fourth task was amazing," Harry replied with enthusiasm.

"Fourth Task?" Dumbledore had a sinking feeling that everything was not going according to plan.

"You know," Harry smirked. "The one where you drop me off in an abandoned cemetery where I kill a bunch of death eaters . . . it was great."

"So nothing bad happened?" Dumbledore was starting to sweat.

"Like what?" Harry looked up innocently.

"Like . . . well I don't know," Dumbledore scratched his beard. "Voldemort getting a new body?"

"Nope," Harry shook his head. "Nothing like that happened."

"Oh . . . carry on then," Dumbledore's shoulders slumped and he began to walk away.

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Later that night, Harry was on his way to his wing of the castle when he became aware that he was being followed.

"Man," Harry shook his head. "What am I going to do with this vial of unwillingly taken blood? I guess I'll just put it here . . . hope no one finds it . . . I'll bet it could be used in all sorts of evil rituals."

A few feet away and hidden in the shadows, Draco smirked. The dark lord would grant him a handsome reward for this and soon he would be the one with the giant harem . . . and male again, can't forget that.

As he walked away, Harry just wondered what effect a bunch of willingly given tabasco sauce would have on the ritual.

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"What's happened to me?" The Dark Lord looked at his new form in horror, "who is responsible for this?"

The surrounding death eaters covered their noses and fought hard to keep from gagging, the most feared dark lord of the time was a giant log of . . . human waste.

"Don't take this the wrong way Master," one of the death eaters spoke up. "But I'm not going to be kissing the hem of your robe."

"No . . . no I suppose not," the dark log looked down at himself. "To be quite frank I was never into this sort of thing."

"I'll kiss your robe master," another death eater spoke up he was into that sort of thing.

"I see," the dark log had to hold down a stream of . . . well, in a normal human it would be called vomit. Not sure what it would be in this case and I would rather not speculate. "Kill him . . . any new business?"

"No master," the death eaters shook their heads.

"WHAT?" The dark log's . . . eyes. . . how should I put this? I guess I should say . . . maybe that they became dark and angry, "CRUCIO . . . of course there's new business you fools."

"What is it master?" One of the cowering death eaters asked nervously.

"Changing me to a form better than this," the dark log shook his head . . . maybe that book was right and it wasn't such a good idea to kill off all of his intelligent minions.

That's lcky

"I've got the strangest feeling that I'm forgetting something," Harry scratched his chin. "Let's see . . . built up giant harem, made everyone's life a living hell . . . made a lot of money . . . hmmm."

"Well . . . you killed that Basilisk?" Hermione asked, "Did you ever get around to making even more gold with your philosopher's stone?"

"No and yes," Harry nodded. "That's it, thanks Hermione."

"Wait," Hermione's nose wrinkled. "I thought you used some sort of spell that shot soup out its nose."

"Yep," Harry nodded. "I thought that would do it but I guess that the snake was too tough for that spell and I'm going to have to go take care of it now, and this time I'm going to do it the way I did it before and should have done it the last before . . . thanks again."

"No problem," Hermione stretched out. "Why don't you go kill it now, you deserve a break after what you did."

"I'll go get Fawks," Harry nodded.

"Bye Harry," Hermione watched as Harry disentangled himself from the arms of several dozen sleeping girls.

Taking care not to wake them, Harry stepped over several dozen more sleeping girls on his way out of the room.

"I was afraid that I was going to wake them," Harry gave a relieved sigh and began walking towards the girl's toilet. "I'm sure that Fawks and the hat will just magically appear when I need them, thus sparing me the trouble of having to go to the Headmaster's office."

It took Harry several minutes to reach the girls toilet and Fawks was waiting for him when he arrived.

"Sorry I'm late," Harry blushed. "But one of the girls that was about to graduate wanted to join my Harem before she lost the chance . . . and . . . well . . ."

The phoenix gave a mournful chirp, no . . . he didn't know.

"Well," Harry shrugged. "I'm sure you'll find someone."

Fawks gave another chirp.

"Yes I understand how hanging around the Headmaster would cramp your style," Harry patted the phoenix on the head. "How about if you and I go out and find some chicks after this?"

The phoenix gave an angry chirp and glared at Harry.

"Not that kind of chicks," Harry smiled. "It's slang for hot girls, I'm suggesting that we go get some action."

The phoenix paused for a moment and then gave a slow nod.

"Cool," Harry grabbed the hat and pulled out the sword. "Let's do this thing."

The ride down the sink and the walk to the chamber were mostly the same, but when the Basilisk appeared . . . well . . . that's when things started to get weird.

"Yeah Fawks kick his butt," Harry cheered. "Wait that's . . . oh god . . . I'll just . . . I'll just leave you two alone then."

Harry turned pale and walked back to his wing of the castle.

"Did you kill the Basilisk?" The girls all gathered round, eager to hear of his great exploits.

"I don't want to talk about it," Harry closed his eyes. "I poured water in my eyes but they won't get clean."

"Poor baby," the girls cuddled Harry. "Tell us all about it."

Fawks wasn't seen for two days, to Harry's great relief and to several other people's great worry. When he did show up again, it was in Harry's wing of the castle and clutched in his talons was a large basket filled with eggs.

"What have you got there?" The girls all clustered around the basket.

"Crimes against nature," Harry muttered.

"Are these for us?" The girls squealed with delight as Fawks presented each one of them with an egg. "Thank you Fawks."

The phoenix gave one more happy chirp before making his exit in a ball of flame.

"This one's starting to hatch," one of the girls cried out.

"Mine too," Hermione smiled. "They're all hatching."

"It's so cute," one of the girls cuddled her Basilisk Phoenix crossbreed. "What is it?"

"I've never read of anything like it," Hermione agreed as she cuddled one of the adorable crimes against nature. "What is it Harry?"

"All I'm going to say is that the Basilisk was female and Fawks was lonely," Harry shuddered.

"But . . ."

"ALL I'M GOING TO SAY," Harry shouted out and suppressed his memory of the event . . . and his gag reflex.

IIIIIIIIII

"Wormtail," the dark log looked around. "Where are you?"

"He bled to death my lord," one of the braver death eaters spoke up.

"Right," the dark log nodded. "Forgot about that . . . well, get him some silver . . . equipment and toss him in a shallow grave. Never let it be said that Voldemort doesn't keep his word."

"As you say my log," the death eater agreed. "May I steal the silver . . . equipment after I toss him in the shallow grave?"

"Why not," the dark log was much mellower than the dark lord had been. "I said he could have them and not that he could keep them . . . and I want ten percent."

"As you say my log," the death eater bowed.

IIIIIIIIII

"Luna," Harry smiled at one of the many girls in his harem.

"Yes Harry?" Luna blinked.

"You know all those strange creatures that you've been searching for?"

"Yes?" Luna nodded.

"Did you ever think to check the old pure blood libraries?" Harry smiled, "I'd think that they'd have all sorts of rare books and they might even have a reference that you can use."

"Thank you Harry," Luna smiled. "That suggestion may very well be all we need to embark on a program of research that will eventually lead to uncovering the truth."

"Glad I could help," Harry smiled. "Just tell me if you want a look at any Potter books, and I'm sure that Sirius would let you look at any books in the Black library."

"Thank you Harry," Luna nodded. "That will be very helpful."

Dear Father,

Harry has just given me the most wonderful idea. He suggested that we look through the old private library to find any references to the things that we are looking for. He has already offered the use of the Potter and Black library.

Your loving daughter

Luna

IIIIIIIIII

"Yes?" Lucius Malfoy answered his door with a scowl. "What is it?"

"I was hoping that I could get a look at your library," the Head of the Lovegood clan answered with a smile."

"No," Lucius slammed the door . . . he really needed to get a new house elf.

"Oh dear," Lovegood shook his head. "My little Luna will be so disappointed . . . unless."

Three minutes later the Malfoy mansion was burning, the Lovegood library had tripled in size, and Lucius learned why it is never a good idea to tell a dangerously insane ex unspeakable that he can't have something that will make his daughter happy.

Let's just call it a learning experience, and Lucy proved that he was a great businessman by turning his misfortune into a source of profit by selling the information about why mansions were suffering mysterious fires. As a side note, though the Lovegood library became the largest private library in wizarding England, no mention of any of the creatures that the Lovegood family was looking for. The original plan was to return the books to their proper owners . . . until Hermione found out about them. Let's just say that not even dangerously insane ex-unspeakables were stupid enough to get between Hermione and her dream of owning the largest private library in England.

IIIIIIIIII

Back in Harry's wing of the castle, Crookshanks watched the unbeatable trio of Foamy, Laser Owl, and the Kung Fu Toad rush off into another exciting adventure. For a few moments, he entertained the idea of joining their team . . . the addition of his amazing powers would make them unbeatable and evil would tremble at their approach. Then he realised that there wasn't any money in it, he then entertained the idea of becoming their arch nemesis . . . the world would shake and his bank account would grow. He then remembered that he was a cat, being a super criminal would really cut into his nap time . . . and with that, Crookshanks went back to sleep.

"There you are," Hermione lifted the large feline. "Mummy missed you so much, let's get you some yummy tuna."

Yep, Crookshanks mused to himself. Why in the hell should I become a Super Hero or Super Criminal when I can sleep for twenty three hours a day and have her bring me lots of yummy tuna? It just doesn't make sense.

"And after that," Hermione continued. "I'll brush you and give you some cream."

"Don't take too long," one of the other girls spoke up. "The scene on the train where Harry decides what to do this summer is coming up."

"I'll have plenty of time," Hermione smiled. "I've still got that time turner that hasn't been mentioned until now."

"Have fun then," the other girl went back to brushing her hair.

IIIIIIIIII

"Well," Harry and his group of girls took over a train car on their way back to the station. "I just won a big trophy and a bunch of money . . . what should I do this summer?"

"Don't forget about the horrible crime against nature you witnessed in the Chamber of Secrets," Luna spoke up.

"Oh god," Harry's eyes squeezed shut and his stomach rebelled. "Why did you have to remind me of that."

"Because you look so cute when you're about to vomit," Luna gave a dreamy smile.

"You haven't framed your cousin and uncle for any crimes lately have you?" Hermione asked with a smile, "and I don't recall you getting your revenge on Fudge."

"I could do that," Harry gave a slow nod.

"And we have the perfect idea on how to start," Hermione smiled.

"Oh?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"We were feeling kind of left out," the girls blushed.

"Well . . . what do you suggest?"

"We placed an add in teen witch," Luna gave an evil smile. "With a picture of Fudge without any clothes on."

"I think I'm gonna be sick again," Harry paled.

"Oh goody," Luna perked up.

"And I know I'm gonna regret asking . . . how did you get pictures of Fudge sans clothing?"

"We asked Bella for one of her copies," another girl replied. "She has blackmail material on everyone."

"Oh," Harry did not want to hear anything more. "What else have you done so far?"

"Well," Luna began. "We took out a full page add and wrote a little caption below it . . . actually, it was mummy that wrote it."

"What did she write?"

"She wrote that he was looking for a soul mate . . . or a group of soul mates," Luna smirked. "Turn ons include . . ."

"Embezzling ministry funds," Hermione cut in.

"Concealing things from the public," Ginny smiled.

"And a public that's willing to think for themselves," Luna finished. "Turn offs include . . ."

"Dark Lords," Hermione smirked.

"Telling the truth," Ginny smiled.

"And any woman that is considered attractive by the narrow minded patriarchal society that we currently live in due to my refusal to follow established patterns," Luna finished.

"Luna's mother came up with that last line," Hermione explained.

"Mummy wanted to thank you for saving her," Luna gave Harry a peck on the cheek. "I hate to think of what would have happened to me and daddy without her around to keep things from being too dull."

"Glad I could Help," Harry blinked. "Well, I guess I could frame the Dursleys for a few more crimes."

"We did that too," Hermione shrugged. "Like I said . . .we didn't have much to do."

"What did you do to them?"

"I found a finger print charm in the library," Hermione's smile turned evil. "It lets me replicate any print on anything."

"Where did you get the prints?" Harry was starting to think that the whole Harem idea was showing unexpected benefits.

"My dad's a policeman," another girl spoke up.

AN: I made the Basilisk female so I could make the little crimes against nature. If I had made the Basilisk male then you would have had to read several bad 'flaming' puns.

The Return of Fudge . . . Kinda

"Wait," Harry paused. "Wasn't Fudge killed in a mysterious accident?"

"He came back as a zombie or something," Hermione shrugged. "You should really keep track of these things Harry."

"I suppose," Harry frowned. "Zombie?"

"Or maybe it wasn't really him that got killed or maybe it was all a dream," Hermione was starting to get annoyed. "Soap operas do it all the time so why can't we?"

"I guess . . ."

"And now back to our regularly scheduled fic," Luna entered and ended the conversation.

|||||||

"I have some exciting news," the evil lawyer smiled. "You won all your lawsuits and you're even richer . . . horay for us."

"Yay," the girls cheered.

"Wow," Harry blinked. "That was easy."

"Only took a few chapters," the Lawyer nodded. "Not too bad if I do say so myself."

"Good job evil lawyer," Harry smiled. "I guess I can cancel that hit I had out on you."

"What hit?" The lawyer frowned.

"No hit," Harry gestured behind his back to his all female ninja force telling them to cancel their mission. "Just joking."

"Oh . . . ok," the lawyer shrugged. "Now that I've bankrupted the dark lord and all of his minions . . . what should I do now?"

"Sue Dumbledore?" Harry suggested.

"Sure . . . why not," the lawyer nodded. "And I'm sure I can sue a lot of other people too, Snape, your relatives, the newspapers, the Minister, the Ministry, and maybe that moron of a divination teacher."

"Have fun," Harry nodded. "Now lets all go get ice cream."

"Yay," the girls cheered.

Thirty minutes later, a ravenous horde of Harry's Harem girls descended on Diagon Alley's only ice cream shop . . . there would be no survivors. And by no survivors I mean that they ate all the ice cream, so I guess that the whole no survivors thing refers to the ice cream and not any sort of life . . . unless of course you consider ice cream a living thinking organism which I do. You see, I think food tastes better when it has a mother that will miss it. Yes, I want my food to have traveled a slaughter house conveyor belt and then get chopped into little pieces by members of the meat packers union . . . or non union, a neighborhood butcher is just as good . . . actually a neighborhood butcher is better, you know the guy that's chopping your food up and if need be you can go to his house and kill him if he gives you a bad cut. Then you can take it to his butcher shop and grind it up into hamburger meat and sell it to dumb tourists as long pork . . . not that I've ever done that . . . um . . . let's just get back to the story shall we? Why don't you all just forget I ever said anything?

So . . . as I was saying . . .

The girls filled the ice cream shop and it was doing the best business it had in years, their entire years supply was sold out in a matter of minutes.

"Harry," Dumbledore burst into the room. "You must go live with your relatives."

"Lemon drop?" Harry held out his hand.

"No," Dumbledore managed to resist. "I know that you've done something to that poor innocent lemon drop . . . I know that you've somehow managed to bring it over to your side, it'll betray me if I eat it . . . oh how I wish I could take it from your hand and . . ."

"Stop," Harry held up his hand. "Bad enough that you had such a long monologue but you looked like you were about to burst into song."

"Yes . . . well," Dumbledore reddened.

"How about I buy you some lemon drop flavored ice cream?" Harry raised an eyebrow, "I couldn't possibly have poisoned that."

"I suppose," Dumbledore's will crumbled.

"Here you are Headmaster," Fortescue placed a large bowl in front of Dumbledore.

"Thank you," Dumbledore took a large bite of the ice cream. "It's very goo . . ."

Everyone . . .most . . .some . . . a couple people winced as the Headmaster passed out and hit the counter with an audible thump.

"I thought you said it wasn't poisoned?" Hermione frowned, "and I saw Mr. Fortescue make it?"

"You think I'm dumb enough to anger my newest and largest source of income?" Fortescue asked with a grin, "you girls are like a plague of locusts . . . you eat everything in my shop. He pays for it, I'll be able to retire in fifteen minutes if I want to."

"Oh," the girls nodded. That made sense.

"Let me just get my wand out," Harry grinned. "And we cast a few shaving charms . . . Lav, could you style this?"

"Sure Harry," Lavender nodded. "Handelbar?"

"You got it," Harry grinned.

"Let me help," one of the other girls suggested.

"Me too," cried another.

IIIIIIIIII

"My head," Dumbledore blinked. "He did it again . . . where am I?" The Headmaster looked around the room, "it appears to be a urine soaked alley behind a seedy bar."

"Watch what you call a urine soaked alley," Fortescue glared at Dumbledore from behind his counter. "If you're gonna say things like that about my shop then you can just get out."

"Fine," Dumbledore rose to his feet . . . why did his face feel so cold?

Taking a few unsteady steps out of the shop, Dumbledore looked around the alley.

"Who are you?" A terrified Auror attempted to draw his wand.

"I am Albus Dumbledore," Dumbledore smiled. "Don't you recognize me?"

"Dumbledore would never have a handlebar mustache the Auror protested . . . you can't be him." The Auror shook his head, "and that black frock coat . . . that top hat . . . you just can't be him."

"Top hat," Dumbledore looked up . . . yep he was wearing a black top hat. "Frock coat?" Dumbledore looked down, "he was wearing a pair of black pants and a frock coat. "Handlebar mustache?" Dumbledore reached up to feel his face and . . . I'm sure you can guess where I'm going with this.

At that moment, a group of reporters stumbled out of one of the shops . . . let's say the pet store.

"Oh my god," a reporter screamed. "Look at that mustache . . . Dumbledore must be evil."

"He was hiding it under all that facial hair . . . it all makes sense," another nodded. "Let's get him."

"No," another reporter disagreed. "That would ruin the normal stereotype about the wizarding world being made up of cowards . . . let's write nasty things about him."

"Yeah," the other reporters agreed.

"I thought goatees were evil," Harry mused as he put his shaving equipment away.

"Don't forget that the wizarding world is behind the times," Hermione reminded him. "Goatees didn't become evil until the sixties, the wizarding world is still stuck in a time when large handle bar mustaches were a sign of evil. Where the hell did you get that shaving equipment? I saw you use a charm to shave Dumbledore."

"Then why didn't Voldemort ever grow a mustache?" Harry shook his head in confusion. "And I got the shaving equipment for something else . . . as to where I was hiding it . . . I didn't, one of the other girls had it in her purse for some reason . . . along with an anti tank weapon, I don't know why she had that in her purse . . . or how."

"We keep all kinds of things in our purses," Tonks shrugged. "If we told you how it worked your head would explode . . . I have no idea why Volde didn't grow a mustache."

"Alas," Dumbledore entered the conversation. "Tom was never able to grow any facial hair after an accident in my class . . . I'm afraid that it also raised his voice a few octaves, much too high to pull off the traditional dark lord evil voice."

"There he is," an impromptu angry mob had formed to take care of Dumbledore. "Get him."

"If you'll excuse me," Dumbledore dodged a pitchfork thrust. "I must get going." With that, Dumbledore fled in terror from the angry mob.

"That was kinda fun," Harry smiled. "We're going to have to do this every year."

"Did you ever decide what you were going to do this summer?" Ginny smiled.

"Yeah," Harry nodded. "I'm gonna go destroy some of the dark lord's . . . hor . . . whore . . . whore Xs."

"The dark lord runs a brothel?" The girls blinked.

"No," Harry shook his head. "That's just some strange mystical name for some soul hiding . . . thing."

"Oh," the girls shrugged. "Have fun."

"I will," Harry smiled.

"And don't stay away too long," Cho smiled. "I just got this book on Chinese alchemy . . . and it has a way to live forever. We need your help for that."

"You want me to make a Philosopher's Stone?" Harry blinked.

"No," Cho shook her head. "It has another more . . . strenuous way to live forever."

"Let me see," Hermione grabbed the book. "Most of these positions are in *Hogwarts a History* . . .but that's a new one, so's that one . . . I'm gonna have to borrow this book."

"*Hogwarts a History*?" Cho blinked.

"Let us see," the Patil twins grabbed the book. "We've got an entire library of this stuff at home, you want us to bring it?"

Everyone just stared at the Patil twins.

"Hey," the twins smiled. "We're from India, all sorts of these books come from India . . . and our grandmother is a perv."

"Ah," everyone nodded and things went back to normal.

IIIIIIII

"And that's everything," Draco smirked at the Judge. "I'm guilty, my friends are guilty and my father is guilty of lots of things. I've confessed all my crimes and given information on everyone else, send me to Azkaban." This was sure to get him out of that damn marriage, granted he'd be in prison but it was still better than being married to a weasel.

"In light of your testimony," the Judge smiled. "And due to an unexpected request for clemency . . . we find you guilty of all charges but sentence you to no time and release you into the custody of your future husband."

"What?" Draco was close to tears.

"Isn't that wonderful Cissy?" The voice of Draco's aunt nearly caused him to wet himself.

"It sure is Bella," Narcissa agreed. "She loved her Ron so much that she testified in court."

Well, Draco mused to herself. At least the weasel isn't here.

"Why did you drag me here," Ron's mother pulled him into the courtroom. "I was happy hiding under my bed, why did you have to take that from me."

"We're here to give your future wife some moral support at her trial," Molly snapped. "Now behave."

"Trial?" Ron perked up, "Draco is going to prison?"

"No," the Judge smiled down. "And you're a lucky boy, she turned herself in and testified against several prominent wizards to prove her love for you."

"What?" Ron passed out.

"What?" Draco started crying.

"Isn't that sweet," Molly smiled. "They're so happy that they can be together for ever and ever."

"Forever?" Draco started crying harder and Ron . . . um . . . passed out more?

IIIIIIIIII

"Why did you write that letter to the Judge at Draco's trial?" Ginny asked as the group descended on Diagon Alley's one wand shop.

"Spite," Harry replied. "I'm not done getting revenge on him."

"And Ron?" Ginny blinked.

"Are you saying that you're not in favor of Ron's torment?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"I'm not saying that," Ginny shook her head. "I'm all in favor of Ron suffering a bit more . . . Prince Ron likes to hog the bathroom. I was wondering why you wanted him to suffer."

"I told you," Harry shook his head sadly. "He snores."

"I know that," Ginny nodded. "But you've been tormenting him for years . . . are you trying to tell me that it was just because of some snoring?"

"Years of snoring," Harry corrected. "And there might have been a few other things . . . and he may have challenged me to a prank war about two hours before I came back in time . . . and I may be ahead

because there isn't a bigger prank then forcibly engaging him to Draco."

"Oh," Ginny shrugged. "Whatever . . . why did we come here anyway? Don't you already have a wand?"

"That's what I wanted to know," Ollivander came out of the shadows. "Your wand hasn't suffered some misfortune has it?"

"No," Harry shook his head. "But since it's Tom's brother wand . . . well, you know."

"Yes . . . I do," Ollivander nodded. "So you want another wand?"

"I was hoping to get something a bit . . . unusual," Harry smiled.

"Really?" Ollivander leaned forward, "what did you have in mind?"

Fifteen minutes later, Harry exited Ollivander's walking in front of his harem. Clenched in his left hand was his new mahogany pimp cane . . . with a large engraved silver nob.

"A pimp cane?" Hermione glanced at Harry's new accessory.

"It can cast spells and it's stylish," Harry nodded. "What more could I ask for?"

"So what should we do now?" Hermione shrugged.

"Can we kidnap and probe some muggles?" Luna perked up.

"NO," everyone sane replied quickly.

"Then can we do it to some cattle?" A sea of shaking heads was Luna's answer, "what about crop circles?"

"I was hoping to do something that would get revenge on someone," Harry sighed. "And innocent muggles, cows, and farmers haven't done anything to me."

"Oh," Luna drooped. "Then can we kidnap Fudge and sell him to some aliens?"

"Sure," Harry nodded.

"Aliens don't exist," Hermione shook her head. "In my well known role of disputing everything you say, I have to speak up here . . . sorry Luna."

"That's ok," Luna patted her friend on the shoulder. "While I am unsure of the existence of aliens and since I am not in contact with any aliens, I was planning to sell him to that all goblin leather fetish club and pretend."

"Oh," Hermione seemed to think it over for a moment. "I suppose I can't dispute that . . . let's do it."

"Yay," the harem cheered.

"Whatever," Harry shrugged. "Suggest that the newspapers might want to buy any pictures when you hand them over."

"Not the Quibbler," Luna added her two cents. "We don't publish that kind of smut."

"The Quibbler published pictures of your parents wedding night," Ginny protested. "And every anniversary night . . . you always insist on showing me."

"Yes," Luna agreed. "But not the kind of smut that would feature the Minister . . . that's just sick."

"Whatever," Harry shrugged. "Let's go."

AN: Chinese alchemy is the pursuit of immortality. One method of keeping away death is sex, or was sex. Another was eating mercury so I don't know how much credit I'd put in Chinese alchemy . . . wouldn't hurt to try though . . . I mean the sex not the mercury. It would hurt to try the mercury, that's some nasty stuff.

Omake: A True Slytherin

"So tell me about this Slytherin house," Harry asked the hat. "What exactly is it?"

"Well," the hat took a moment to think. "It was supposed to be for the cunning and ambitious, recently it's been taken over by the ineptly evil."

"So why do you want to put me in this house?" Harry's voice remained calm.

"Because I think you'd bring the house back to it's early days," the hat replied. "I think you could make it great again."

"Ok," Harry smirked. "I'll join Slytherin house then."

"SLYTHERIN," the hat called out to the stunned school

Two Weeks Later . . .

"Tell me Mr. Potter," Dumbledore fixed the boy with a stern glare. "What do you think happened to nearly every member of your house?"

"I think they committed suicide," Harry replied with a smile. "And since you put truth serum in the tea I've just drunk . . . well, I think we can dispense with the rest of this interview."

"I'd love to know how a person can commit suicide by stabbing themselves in the back seventeen times," Dumbledore's glare deepened. "Why don't you tell me the truth."

"I did," Harry pulled a potion out of his pocket and downed it. "And I'm leaving . . . I don't think my good friend Cornelius will be very happy about the way you've been trying to frame me."

"I'm not trying to frame you," Dumbledore tried the grandfatherly tone. "I'm trying to find out the truth."

"And the truth is that they committed suicide," Harry smiled.

"That's not what your head of house thinks," Dumbledore sighed. For some reason he was unable to enter the boy's mind.

"Then maybe you should bring him up here?" Harry suggested.

"He was found with a noose around his neck earlier today," Dumbledore frowned. "Something I suppose you know nothing about."

"What a shame," Harry dodged the question. "Good day Headmaster."

"This isn't over Harry," Dumbledore called out after the boy.

Harry walked out of the office with a grin on his face, the old fool would check the tea to make sure that it contained the correct amount of truth potion and he would check the potion to make sure that it was brewed correctly but he would never realise the truth. When those morons had stood in his way or gone against them they had ended their own lives, just as if they had jumped in front of a train. He had been telling the truth when he said that they committed suicide, he'd just never mentioned how.

The Rise of Orion

"Well," Harry said leaning back in his seat on the Hogwarts express. "That sure was an eventful summer."

"Yeah," one of the girls agreed. "You destroyed all the dark lords whose thingys and had lots of adventures."

"Not to mention adding several girls to your harem," Hermione added. "All those foreign kings kept insisting that you take their attractive daughters and younger sisters."

"Yeah," Harry nodded. "That was kinda strange . . . ah well, what do you think we should do this year?"

Everyone looked up as Draco's two thugs walked into the compartment.

"Um . . ." Crabbe frowned. "We're supposed to . . ."

"Um . . ." Goyle looked confused. "I forget . . ."

"Ok," Harry said with a shrug. "Say . . . I haven't gotten vengeance on the two of you for anything have I?"

Crabbe and Goyle both looked stumped by that question, "vengeance?"

"Forget it," Harry waved them off. "It wouldn't be any fun to get it on anyone as dumb as you two."

"Ok." The two . . . slow boys walked out of the room.

"That was strange," Hermione said as the door to the compartment closed.

"Yeah," Harry agreed.

Harry and the Harem spent several more minutes . . . talking, till they were once again interrupted by the door opening.

"Potter," a group of random Seventh year boys blocked the door. "We want to have a word with you."

"What do you need?" Harry didn't even bother to lift his head from one of the girl's lap.

"You're hogging all the girls that Longbottom doesn't have," the boy replied with a voice full of menace. "I think that's going to chance . . . or else."

"Or else what?" Harry closed his eyes and let the girl stroke his hair.

"Or else you're going to get hurt," the boy replied evilly.

"First of all, why are you threatening me and not Neville?" Harry was giddy with the chance to get revenge on some people that he hadn't gotten revenge on yet.

"Because he has Bellatrix Lestrange as a mother figure," the boy snorted. "And a pair of Aurors as parents."

"Ah," Harry smiled. "Second, did you stop to think that with my harem of girls which includes Bella that I outnumber you?"

"Bellatrix Lestrange is in your harem?" The boys were contemplating the merits of wetting themselves.

"It's Bellatrix Black," Harry's voice turned evil. "Tell me . . . have any of you ever been beaten to within an inch of your life and then thrown off a moving train?"

IIIIIIII

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall began sternly. "You wouldn't happen to know anything about the fact that several students were beaten severely and thrown off the train would you?"

"Why do you ask?" Harry asked innocently, "now if you'll excuse us we really have to be going to my wing of the castle."

"What?" McGonagall hadn't expected that response, "why?"

"Well, what with the headmaster being evil and all." Harry had to work hard to resist the urge to giggle, "I just don't feel safe being in the great hall with him."

"Oh . . ." McGonagall replied dumbly.

"So I've set up a candlelit dinner for me and my harem," Harry continued. "It puts us out of reach of the evil Dumbdoor and lets us work on our relationship."

"I . . . see."

"Later Professor," Harry called over his shoulder as he led his harem down to their wing of the castle.

The meal was incredibly romantic and afterwards, Harry put his head in one of the girl's laps while another fed him peeled grapes.

"There's something odd here," Harry mused aloud.

"What is it Harry?" One of the girls asked.

"I've put my head on every lap enough times to become -ahem- intimately familiar with them." Harry grinned.

"So?"

"So I don't recognise this lap . . . who are you?"

"Oh darn," the strange girl replied with a pout. "I was hoping you wouldn't notice."

"Every one of my girls is special and unique," Harry said with a grin.

"I'm Hogwarts," the strange girl said slowly. "A human embodiment of the spirit of the castle."

"Oh," Harry closed his eyes and relaxed again. "That explains everything."

"So you're not going to make me leave?" The castle asked suspiciously.

"Nope," Harry replied looking up at her large, healthy . . . face. "Why would I do that?"

"Some guys might find it a bit odd to have a castle as a member of their harem," Hogwarts spoke.

"Some guys are idiots that get turned into girls and engaged to Ron." Harry grinned, "which reminds me . . . did anyone think to turn those guys on the train into girls?"

"I did," Bella called out. "But since I was all tied up and gagged in your trunk at the time . . ."

"You're the one that keeps asking us to do that to you," Harry retorted.

"I know." Bella nodded, "if you don't mind I'll turn them into girls later today and put them in my little Orion's harem."

"Whatever makes you happy," Harry agreed.

"I still can't believe that you're so accepting of this," Hogwarts said with a grin. "You're really just going to let me into your harem like that."

"Sure," Harry nodded. "Welcome to the harem . . . I don't suppose anyone needs to arrange a room for you in this wing do they?"

"No." Hogwarts shook her head, "I can do that part myself."

"Wonderful"

IIIIIIII

"Master," one of the death eaters said quietly.

"What is it?" The Dark Log demanded.

"Has anyone thought to use a cleaning charm on you?"

"No . . . do it now or suffer a painful death." Voldemort demanded.

"Yes Master," the death eater agreed. The death eaters all cast the spell and Voldemort began to lose mass, he got smaller and smaller until he was just a body part.

"Where did that come from?" One of the death eaters asked, "and how did our master turn into it?"

"It's what Wormtail cut off in the ritual," another death eater replied. "I'd recognise it anywhere."

"What?" Several of the surrounding death eaters began to back away.

"I'm the guy that lost the coin toss and had to make the new silver equipment," the death eater replied. "He wanted it to look the same and be twice the size."

"So . . . twice the size would be . . . about four inches?"

"Three and a half."

"What have you fools done to me?" The dark member squeaked, "I'll have your heads for this."

"You know," one of the death eaters began. "I'm starting to doubt my choice of becoming a death eater."

A chorus of agreement filled the room.

"Why don't we mail him to Dumbledore and then hit the employment office?" The death eater continued, "I hear that they still have jobs open in the exciting world of food service."

"You guys go ahead," one of the younger death eaters said quietly. "I should probably be getting back to Uni anyway."

"What?" The other death eaters looked at the man.

"I'm just an intern," the death eater explained. "Here for a bit of summer credit, class will be starting in a few weeks. "

"You can intern as a death eater?"

"I pissed off the guy in charge of internships," the student replied. "He thought that a few months of getting tortured would be just the thing to straighten me out."

"Oh . . . how the hell did he know about us?"

"I think he did it through the muggle relations office," the student added helpfully.

IIIIIIII

Meanwhile, a large swallow had swooped in through the headmaster's window and delivered a large package.

"What's this?" Dumbledore asked himself as he opened a package.

"Curse you old man," the Dark Member squeaked.

"What's happened to you Tom?" Dumbledore shook his head sadly, "I expected you to go out in an epic battle. You know, something that would leave thousands dead on both sides before the hero finally emerged and cast you down?"

"I only had a dozen followers," the Dark Member protested. "How in the hell was I supposed to have enough people to leave thousands dead?"

"I've been transfiguring bits of leftover food into corpses for the last few years in my spare time," Dumbledore explained. The old man reached into his desk and pulled out a jar. He then lifted up the

package and let the dark member fall into his new home. "I'm going to have to rethink things, I'm not sure I can have you as the antagonist if this is the way you end up. It simply won't do to have the feared Dark Lord be a . . . body part. Now I was willing to let things go before, Severus told me what form you took in your rebirth and I said to myself why not? Why shouldn't the evil dark lord be a disgusting mass of human waste? After a while I figured that it could be turned to my advantage, you know when the books come out . . . now? Now I just don't know anymore."

"At least put me in with the porn," the Dark Member begged.

"No . . . no I don't think I'll be doing that. I mean, that is to say . . . I don't have any porn."

"Albus," the strange conversation was interrupted by McGonagall's knock on the door. "May I speak with you."

"Certainly," Dumbledore called out. "Come in Minerva."

"Albus I . . . what do you have in that jar?" Minerva had to resist the urge to vomit when she noticed the Headmaster's newest paperweight.

"That?" Dumbledore glanced down at the Dark Member's jar. "That's Tom."

"Why don't we just pretend that I was never here?" McGonagall began inching towards the door, "we can both pretend that I never saw anything."

"Ok," Dumbledore agreed. Looked like time was finally catching up to the old girl, she was starting to act rather odd.

"And in addition to never speaking or thinking about this . . . event." McGonagall continued, "why don't you keep that . . . decoration somewhere else? At least have the decency to remove it when other people are around."

"Good idea Minerva," Dumbledore enthused. "He's much too dangerous to allow free reign of the castle, the chance that he may escape is too great."

"Yes . . . well." McGonagall's mind searched for a way to extract herself from this situation, "I've just got to go and talk to Harry about getting that elixer to make me young again. You know how the boy is, always trying to get more women into his harem."

"Yes goodbye Minerva." Dumbledore shook his head sadly, some people would do anything to regain their youth . . . even join Harry's Harem.

IIIIIIII

"Hello," Harry greeted the severely beaten seventh years that had bothered him on the train. "I wouldn't normally do this but I figured that we were even."

"What do you mean even?" One of the boys growled.

"Well . . . you annoyed me, I had you severely beaten and thrown off a moving train." Harry replied, "and I want you to know that I'm only giving you this warning because of the guy code."

"Warning us of what?"

"Bella is planning to turn you all into girls so you can be in Neville's harem, I figured that I wasn't angry with Neville for any reason and since we were even . . ."

"Thanks Potter." The boys nearly wet themselves in fear, "we won't forget this."

"I'd suggest moving to another continent . . . I hear Angola is nice," Harry mused. "Nicer then being turned into a girl and becoming a member of Neville's harem anyway."

"Where's Bellatrix now?"

"Well." Harry checked his watch. "Since it's seven, I'd guess that she's tied to the wall in my quarters and wearing a rubber mask. I've got to be going, I only stepped in on my way to the library . . . good luck."

Harry made his way to the library and walked up the the librarian's desk.

"May I help you?" The woman asked sternly.

"I was looking for books on how to manage a harem," Harry replied. "Some really pervy instruction booklets could be good too."

"Shelves fifteen through twenty in the charms section," the librarian replied slowly.

"Charms section?"

"You need a lot of charm to get a harem," the Librarian replied.

"Ah"

IIIIIIIIII

"Good afternoon Mr. Longbottom," the Headmaster greeted his new hope for a massive battle between good and evil. "And how are you today."

"Fine Professor," Neville replied. "I finally escaped from all those girls. Don't get me wrong, they're nice but sometimes a bloke needs some time to himself. They won't even let me go to the shower alone."

"Yes . . . well." Dumbledore had to suppress a massive surge of jealousy, "I just wanted to give you this pass to the restricted section. Be sure not to abuse it, there is a lot of dark magic to be learned and I would hate to see what happened if it fell into the wrong hands."

"O . . . k," Neville said slowly. "Is there any reason you're giving this to me Professor?"

"None at all," Dumbledore said quickly. "Here . . . have this book, I'm sure you'll find it most interesting."

"How to be a Dark Lord in Twelve Easy Steps?" Neville read the title, "huh?"

"Well . . . I'm sure you have nefarious plans to plot," Dumbledore said quickly. "I'll see you around Lord Orion."

"What?" Neville was becoming sure that someone had put something strange in his food.

AN: Another fic drawing to a close and I was able to get to the end of this one without writing twenty or more chapters . . . I hope. A few more chapters of this and I'll be finished, I may have an idea for a sequel to this, more details at the end of the last chapter.

The Final Battle

"Excuse me . . . my dark lordness," several familiar seventh year boys stopped Neville in the hall. "May we please join you and become your followers without becoming women?"

"Huh?" Neville blinked.

"May we become your followers my Lord?" One of the boys repeated, "and not get transformed into women."

"Um . . . sure, I guess." Neville shrugged, "I've got to be going."

The boys cheered and Neville beat a hasty retreat, what was with people lately?

"Hello boys." Bella had arrived and a chill of fear went up the spine of every boy that wanted to stay male.

"Hello Ms. Black," one of the boys said nervously. "We talked to the Dark Lord Orion and he's agreed that it would be best if we were to stay mmmale."

"Really?" Bella raised an eyebrow, "why?"

"It's tradition," one of the boys offered. "To have a dark army and a group of dark consorts?"

"It's also tradition to have a dark army of dark consorts," Bella retorted. The boys all eyed the wand in her hand nervously.

"We're not worthy," one of the boys screamed. "We'll go on a journey around the world and return when we're finally worthy of becoming a . . . dark consort."

"With a few short returns to visit our families," another boy added. "We'll come back to Hogwarts or whatever dark fortress the dark lord Orion chooses to conquer when we're worthy."

"Well . . . are you sure you're not worthy?" Bella asked slowly.

"YES, very unworthy."

"Ok," Bella agreed. "But you had better work hard."

"We will," the boys nodded. Living in Angola wasn't so bad was it?

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Neville took a moment to think about his life and he came to a realisation . . . Dumbledore was trying to turn him into a dark lord so that there would be a final battle between good and evil with Harry on one side and . . . the Dark Lord Orion on the other. With that realisation came the solution to his problems and that solution required his friend Harry. Plan fixed, Neville went off in search of the 'Boy-Who-Lived-For-Revenge.'

He found Harry tormenting a ministry official with what could be classified as the most dark and terrible curse that ever was.

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" Harry asked with a sadistic smile.

"No . . . no not that!" The Bureaucrat screamed.

"Yes," Harry agreed. "That."

"Hey Harry," Neville called out as he walked up. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Nothing important." Harry put his wand away and the Ministry official fled in well justified terror. "What can I do for you?"

"Dumbledore is trying to turn me into a dark lord so that the two of us can fight a battle," Neville explained. "I was thinking that we . . ."

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It was the final battle between good and evil and when I say final I mean one of the final battles because wars to end all wars tend not to

end all wars. When you think about it, it could be argued that wars to end all wars just end up causing more wars. Take World War I for example, at the time it was called the great war or the war to end all wars but the treaty that ended the war did nothing to address the root causes behind the war and created the conditions that would later cause World War II. So I guess what I'm saying is that the battle between Neville and Harry was unimportant in the grand scheme of things and that the victor would only matter in the short term . . . but that's another show.

The ground was littered with bodies from both sides and in the end, Harry and a small number of his Harem faced Neville and an equal number of his dark consorts.

"Listen up," Madame Hooch spoke up. "I want a good clean match, this is just a friendly game of Quidditch so there is not cause for dirty play."

"This isn't what I had in mind," Dumbledore said sullenly. "All those bodies I spent months transfiguring going to waste."

"Oh be quiet Albus," Minerva snapped. "Harry and Neville were good enough to let you scatter them on the Quidditch pitch now weren't they? Though I do feel sorry for the house elves that are going to have to clean this all up."

"That's not the . . . damn," Dumbledore screamed. "Neville caught the Snitch . . . how in the hell did Neville manage to catch the Snitch?"

"Looks like he swallowed it," McGonagall commented. "Ah well, Harry'll have better luck their next game."

"Next game?" Dumbledore asked nervously.

"Yes," Minerva agreed. "Everyone had so much fun planning this out that they've decided to make it a semiannual event, a Quidditch match between Harry's Harem and Neville's Dark Consorts."

"I can't believe that . . ." Dumbledore's rant was cut off by Luna's arrival.

"Hello Headmaster," Luna said happily. "Harry just realised that he forgot to get any revenge on you for the last chapter or two so I volunteered to do it . . .Explosivo Diario"

"Excuse me." Dumbledore made a mad dash towards the castle in hopes of reaching a bathroom before conditions demanded that he send his favorite robe to the best cleaners in the land.

"Where did you learn that charm Ms. Lovegood?" McGonagall asked sternly.

"Big book of Bowel Disrupting Charms, every spell needed to win duels and humiliate your opponents." Luna replied with a dreamy grin.

"Ah." The old woman nodded, "do you think I could borrow it?"

IIIIIIII

"Harry . . . Harry, you got to help me." Ron burst into a room to find Harry with a strange woman.

"Later hon," the woman gave Harry one last kiss on the cheek and disappeared.

"Who was that mate?" Ron asked with an odd grin on his face, "and where'd she go?"

"That was Hogwarts," Harry replied. "Apparently the castle can take the form of a beautiful woman and she wants to be in my harem."

"That's great mate but I have problems, you gotta help me." Ron begged, "don't let her do it to me."

"What's going on?" Harry was quick to calm his friend, "what's happening?"

"My mum says that she's going to make me marry Draco tomorrow," Ron said. Tears were leaking out of the boy's eyes. "You gotta get me out of this."

"Ok, the first thing you need to do is calm down." Harry commanded, "I think I know a way to get you out of this . . . or at least to delay things."

"What is it mate?"

"Tell me Ron, have you ever heard of the French Foreign Legion?" Harry pulled a portkey out of his pocket.

"What's that Mate?" Ron demanded.

"It's a muggle military unit that won't ask questions and will hide you from your mother and your wedding."

"Thanks mate," Ron said quickly. "What do I do?"

"Take this portkey and tell them I sent you . . . good luck."

Epilogue

Ron - escaped from his wedding and spent several years in the Legion, the brutal training and discipline was still better than being married to Draco. Eventually his mother tracked him down . . . he promptly escaped into the Los Angeles underground. Today he makes his living as a soldier of fortune. If you have a problem, if no one else can help, and if you can find him . . . maybe you can hire . . . Ron. Sorry, but he was too busy running from his mother to think up a cool nickname.

Harry and his Harem – won the next few Quidditch matches and together they had several children.

Neville and his Dark Consorts – continue their reign of terror as the most benevolent dark regime in history. They also had several children.

Snape – lived a happy life for a few years until the Potter and Longbottom children started trickling into Hogwarts, the smattering of Weasley children didn't help matters either. One year, nearly the

entire Hogwarts class was made up of Potters and Longbottoms and all the teachers were overjoyed to see them . . . except for Snape. And they all lived happily ever after . . . except for Snape who kept trying to kill himself but he never succeeded.

The End

Or if you'd prefer something else . . .

"What the hell?" Harry looked around, he seemed to be in some sort of crib . . . why in the hell was he in a crib?

"It looks like my manly little boy is awake," Lily beamed down at her child. "And saying his first manly words too."

"Um . . . goo?" Harry tried to smile innocently.

"Such a deviously manly smile too," Lily's smile grew. "How's my manly little boy doing?"

"Good" Harry smiled.

"Good." Lily nodded.

"Hey Lily could you . . . oh," Peter gave a fake smile. "Harry's awake."

"Explosivo Castrado," Harry grinned in anticipation as a sickly green light shot out of his finger and hit the man who betray . . . would betray . . . would have betrayed? . . . ah screw it. Wormtail screamed and rolled around in agony.

"JAMES," Lily gave an excited scream. "COME QUICK, HARRY'S CAST HIS FIRST SPELL."

"What is it?" James ran it and looked down at his friend, face paling. "Oh god . . . "

"He must have seen me use it and copied me," Lily was bouncing in joy. "Isn't it just wonderful?"

"I think I'm gonna be sick," James tried to remember the blood clotting charms he'd learned in school. "Why did he do that to Peter?"

"He's so manly that he must have seen Peter as competition and decided to remove him," Lily nodded . . . it all made so much sense . . . to her anyway. "With Peter gone there will be more girls for Harry."

"He's not going to do that to me is he?" James began backing out of the room nervously.

"Of course not," Lily shook her head. "And I'm going to tell him that he's not allowed to hurt you right now. Harry . . . honey, if you hurt your father then I'm going to be very angry at you and you'll have to have time out for five minutes."

"FIVE MINUTES?" James's eyes bulged.

"I know it seems harsh," Lily nodded. "But I have to be firm with him."

It was at this point that James passed out.

|||||||

"James . . . wake up mate," Sirius shook his friend. "Are you alright?"

"Oh god what happened?" James looked around, "I had the worst dream."

"If it's that Harry learned THAT SPELL and used it on Wormtail then that was no dream." Sirius sighed, "on the plus side . . . it turned out that Peter was a death eater, healers found the mark when he went in because of . . . you know what."

"Oh," color began to return to James's cheeks. "So he's a death eater . . . Lily, he was going to hurt Lily and Harry protected her."

"Maybe," Sirius shrugged. "That's what Lily thinks, she's been going on about how her manly little boy protected his mummy . . . it's starting to scare me."

"Mate," James looked over to his best friend. "You're going to have to accept it some day . . . I did and my life is happier."

"That your wife is insane?" Sirius raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," James nodded. "But this ruins that unbreakable vow I made her swear to never use that spell on someone . . . it took months of planning to get her to promise that."

"And you were going to tell me this when?" Sirius's eyes flashed, "I've been living in fear for no reason."

"She told me not to say anything," James shrugged. "Threatened to make me sleep on the couch for a night if I told you."

"You let me live in fear for my life for months because you didn't want to sleep on the couch for one night?" Sirius was shocked that friendship seemed to mean so little.

"Yup," James nodded. "One, the couch is really uncomfortable. Two, well . . . I'm not going to tell you."

"You're not going to tell me?" Sirius's eyes narrowed.

"Sorry," James shrugged. "But there are some things that I'm not going to share about the joys I've found in married life."

"Oh," Sirius blinked. "Oh . . . so you . . . oh."

"Right," James nodded. "Now let's go get drunk."

"Sounds like a plan," Sirius nodded. "Or we could get blotto here and we won't run the risk of meeting a bunch of drag queens like last time."

"Poor Peter had to find out the hard way," James shook his head. "Ok, let's do it your way."

Three bottles of gin later . . . yes gin, they're Brits and Gin is a British alcohol, I added it for a bit of local flavor like those authors that . . . ah ta hell with it.

"I shink yer gonna havta fashe faks," Sirius slurred. "Yer shon's a derk lerd . . . no bloke 'll yush dat spill less he'sh a derk lerd . . . a reelly pwerfl derk lerd . . . voldsomething doeshent yuesh dat spell."

"I know," James nodded. "But he's still my son and I'm sure that if I raise him right he won't try to kill muggle born magic folk like every other dark lord in history . . . I don't think Lily would like it if he did that."

"A derk lerd thatsh hun hun killsh derk lerts?" Sirius perked up, "thash greet."

"Yeah," James nodded. "So can I have some gin now? I want to get blotto too."

"No," Sirius hugged the body. "Ish all mine I need it."

"Why?" James cast a quick sobriety charm on his friend, "What else happened while I was out?"

"Babies," Sirius shuddered. "Lots of babies."

"What?" James blinked.

"While you were out dozens of babies popped in with their parents . . . all of them girls,"

"Lily's been recruiting again?" James nodded, "I guess that makes sense."

"They came on their own," Sirius shuddered. "Some of the families were muggles . . . the kids used accidental magic to get in."

"Oh," James blinked.

"Some of them can talk and they told Lily that they're in Harry's Harem," Sirius shuddered. "She's happy but . . ."

IIIIIIIIII

"Bwahahaha," Voldemort stalked towards the unsuspecting house. "You will all die."

"Explosivo Castrado." A high voice sounded from the bushes to one side of the dark lord.

"Arrrg," Voldemort fell to the ground and began screaming.

Harry looked down at the screaming dark lord and realised that . . . he was happy. He had it all, the girls, his parents, Sirius was alive, and plenty more years of revenge to plan and carryout.

The End II

AN: It's possible that I will continue this with 'Let's do the Time Warp Again Again' if there's enough interest. I've got quite a few things I need to write and it would be a shame to let myself get caught up and not busy but sometimes these things happen.

Groundhog Day

Because the Movie is Great

Harry woke up late that morning, went to class, had to deal with Snape's snooty attitude, had to deal with Umbridge the defence professor, detention, and then to bed. Harry woke up late that morning, went to class, had to deal with Snape's snooty attitude, had to deal with Umbridge the defence professor, detention, and then to bed. Harry woke up late that morning, went to class, had to deal with Snape's snooty attitude, had to deal with Umbridge the defence professor, detention, and then to bed. Harry woke up late that morning and paused. "Ron is going to groan in three seconds," Harry said to himself. "And then he's going to pass gas." Harry blinked in surprise when the events happened the same way they had the day before . . . and the day before that.

"Morning Harry," Neville said with a yawn. "What do you . . ."

"He's going to have us make a potion to help us stay awake," Harry replied. "And he'll make a comment that we could all study all night and it wouldn't help. You're going to stir it the wrong way, Snape'll notice but he won't say anything and the cauldron will explode."

"Uh . . . right," Neville said nervously. "You feeling ok Harry?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Let's go to breakfast."

"Not going to wait for Ron?"

"He'll get into a fight with Hermione and throw a muffin at her," Harry said over his shoulder. "It'll knock over my pumpkin juice and I'll have to change my robes before our first class. Simpler just to go early today."

"If you say so," Neville agreed.

"Let's go," Harry said as he started down to breakfast. To Harry's relief, Ron and Hermione didn't get into a fight. This was because

they were too busy watching him and debating his odd behavior that morning, but he took his victories where he could find them.

Potions class also differed due to the fact that Neville listened to Harry's warning and was sure to stir in the correct direction.

Harry didn't say a word and as a result managed to avoid detention and managed to get to bed early that night, secure in the knowledge that things could have been worse.

Harry awoke the next morning with a grin on his face, things were looking up. Then Ron groaned and ruined Harry's illusions. "DAMN IT," He shouted waking up the dorm.

"Harry wha . . ." Ron said sleepily.

"You break wind and I'll break your arm," Harry growled.

"You feeling alright mate?" Ron asked nervously.

"What'd we learn in potions yesterday?" Harry demanded.

"Uh . . . a potion that cures the flu," Ron replied.

"I'm not going down today," Harry said shoving his head under his pillow. "Tell me when tomorrow is tomorrow."

"You just stay here mate," Ron said slowly. "We'll be back." Ron returned several minutes later with Hermione and they had a whispered conversation until the girl approached Harry's bed.

"Harry," Hermione began. "Why won't you come out of bed . . . is something wrong?"

"Everything will be fine tomorrow if it ever comes," Harry's muffled voice replied. "Now go away and don't disturb me till then."

"Go get Professor McGonagall," Hermione ordered. "She needs to see this."

"Should we get Dumbledore too?" Ron asked nervously.

"Yes," Hermione said quickly. "I'll stay here and keep an eye on him."

McGonagall came and Harry refused to speak with her. After several hours, Dumbledore came and Harry made a less than polite remark about being ignored and cast doubt on the Headmaster's ancestry.

Harry didn't manage to get to bed until late that night and his last memory before he drifted off was a spell flying out of the Headmaster's wand.

Harry awoke the next morning and stunned Ron before the other boy had a chance to groan. "What'd you do that for Harry?" Neville asked nervously.

"Tell me Nev," Harry said conversationally. "What would you do if you relived the same day over and over again?"

"Whatever I wanted to Harry," Neville replied. "There wouldn't be any consequences would there?"

"Why," Harry said with dawning realisation. "You're right, thanks Nev."

"No problem Harry," Neville said slowly.

Harry stunned several students on his way to the great hall. "FOOD FIGHT," he screamed as he walked in.

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall said sternly. "What do you think you're doing?"

"This," Harry replied, banishing all the food from the Ravenclaw table towards the staff. "Take that you old crone." The students watched in shock as Harry bombarded the staff table for several minutes. "And there's more where that . . . urk." Harry's tirade was cut off by one of the suits of armor wrapping its arms around him.

"You're coming with to the hospital wing me Mr. Potter," McGonagall said calmly. "I don't know what's wrong with you but Poppy is going to poke and prod you until I find out."

"Damn," Harry groaned. The rest of that day was spent restrained in the Hospital wing's 'special room' for unruly students and Harry had several hours to contemplate his next move.

The next morning, Harry disabled the suit of Armor as it tried to capture him and shot several several mild curses at his Head of House. "I won't go down that easily you . . . urk." Harry's robes turned to stone and he fell to the ground.

"Come with me Mr. Potter," McGonagall said wearily as she levitated him towards the hospital wing.

Harry had another few hours in the Hospital wing's 'special room' to think about his mistakes.

Harry awoke in his bed the next morning and took off his clothing, several students gasped in shock as he walked to the great hall sans clothing and clutching a wand. "You won't turn my clothes against me today you old witch." Harry screamed as he prepared to fight yet another duel with his head of house.

Harry awoke in his bed the next morning wondering what had happened, "screw it." Harry said to himself. "I'm just going to have to accept the fact that I'm not going to defeat McGonagall without a lot of practice." Harry felt the eyes on him as he walked towards the great hall and his spirits began to lift, they'd never done that before, maybe the day had finally ended and he'd finally managed to free himself.

"Hey Pot . . ." Draco's eyes bulged.

"Yes Malfoy?"

"Never mind," Draco backed away slowly. "Just stay away from me."

"Whatever you say," Harry agreed with a shrug. Taking his place at the Gryffindor table, Harry made himself a sandwich and began to eat.

"Uh . . . hey mate," Ron began.

"Hey Ron," Harry replied between bites.

"Are you feeling alright mate?" Ron asked nervously.

"Never better," Harry replied.

"Nothing different about today then?" Ron asked.

"Castle seems a bit colder then usual," Harry replied after a moment of thought. "Other then that, no."

"I think what Ron's trying to say," Hermione began. "Was uh . . ." She stared helplessly at her other friend.

"Is there a reason you decided to come to breakfast naked?" Ron blurted.

"Hmmm," Harry looked down at himself. "I wore clothes yesterday did I?"

"Yeah mate," Ron agreed.

"Damn," Harry sighed. "Looks like My luck didn't change after all."

"Uh . . . do you want to borrow my robes?" Ron asked.

"Or my jacket?" Hermione asked quickly.

"No," Harry replied. "I kinda like the extra ventilation around my pink bits."

"Uh . . . look at McGonagall," Ron said in a vain attempt to bring attention to something besides his friend. "She keeps checking for spells and glaring at the twins."

"So she does," Harry agreed. "So tell me Ron, what would you do if you could relive the same day over and over again?"

"I'd become the best Quidditch player ever," Ron said slowly.

"Good idea Ron," Harry finished his meal and stood up. "I'll be on the pitch if anyone needs me." The collected students and staff watched quietly as Harry left the room.

"FRED, GEORGE." McGonagall screamed. "GET UP HERE AND TELL ME HOW YOU DID THAT."

"Wasn't us Professor," George replied quickly.

"Bloody brilliant though," Fred added. "I can't believe we never thought of it."

"Don't forget who Harry's father was," George said with a grin. "He's got an advantage that we'd be hard pressed to match."

"Too true twin of mine," Fred agreed.

For the next several days, Harry awoke and immediately went to the pitch to practice. This went on till flying began to feel a bit too . . . routine. He then switched to the school brooms, delighting in gaining enough skill to wring every bit of performance out of the obsolete brooms.

Harry awoke that morning and paused, flying seemed a bit . . . well, it was time for a change. His mind made up, Harry went to the common room to solicit advice from Hermione.

"Morning Harry," Hermione greeted him.

"Hermione, what would you do if you could relive the same day over and over again?"

"I'd read every book in the Library," Hermione replied quickly. "Think how much it would help in the fight against Voldemort if you knew that many spells."

"Good point Hermione," Harry agreed. "I'm going to read every book in the Library and then I'm going to beat Voldemort. I'll be in the library if you need me."

"Uh . . . ok," Hermione said with an odd look on her face. He couldn't mean . . . nah.

After two months of constant study, Harry was ready to stop but his goal of defeating Voldemort drove him on. After six months, he deemed himself ready. Harry woke up that morning and carefully dressed himself in his best robes, it was time for Tom to die. Harry walked out of the castle and froze, how in the hell was he supposed to get to Voldemort's secret hide out. Shoulders drooping, Harry turned around and walked back into the castle. Looked like he had some more studying to do. It took another two months of research and practice before Harry managed to master portkey creation and two more weeks to master Apparition.

Harry appeared outside the Dark Lord's headquarters and everything went dark. Harry awoke in his bed the next morning wondering what had happened. After several moments of thought, he shrugged and popped to a different location near the Dark Lord's headquarters. As he approached the house, he caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye before everything went dark.

"Guards," Harry mumbled to himself after he awoke in his bed. "I keep running into guards." Harry grinned, now that he knew the problem, he wouldn't have any difficulty.

Dressing in his best robes, Harry gathered up his wand and left the castle. This time he appeared well away from the Dark Lord's headquarters and approached on foot. Dodging the guards first spell, Harry shot back several of his own.

"Intruder," the guard screamed and in a flash the yard was flooded with death eaters.

"Shit," Harry cursed an instant before his body was hit by a barrage of spells.

Harry awoke in his bed and went over the list of what had gone wrong. One, he had just walked up. Two, he had attempted to duel the guard rather than just take him out. Three . . . he hated to admit it but he needed to spend more time in the library.

Over the next several months, Harry worked his way through the rest of the school library and mastered every spell he could find.

"Now I'm ready," Harry said to himself. "Get ready to die Tom."

Harry woke up in his bed the next morning, "forgot to learn stealth." Harry muttered. "Must remember stealth before the next time."

Still musing about where he could learn how to be stealthy, Harry walked down the stairs towards the great hall and ran into Luna.

"Good morning Harry," Luna said. "How are you today."

"I haven't seen you here before," Harry said in shock. "I'm free, today is tomorrow."

"I'm afraid not," Luna said with a bit of sympathy. "Today is still today, you're still stuck in a loop."

"How'd you know about that?" Harry demanded.

"I saw it," Luna explained. "Now if you wouldn't mind coming into this broom closet with me."

"Wait what?" Harry allowed himself to be dragged towards the closet.

"I want my first time to be special," Luna explained. "And for that to happen, you need to have quite a bit of practice."

"But," Harry stammered.

"Don't worry," Luna cooed. "I'll be gentle." The next few minutes were a pleasurable blur and the next thing Harry could clearly remember was Luna kissing him on the cheek and promising to see him again.

Harry wandered through the rest of the day in a daze and fell into bed with a smile on his face.

Harry got out of bed and met Luna on his way to the great hall. "Broom closet?" He asked with a grin.

"Empty class room," Luna replied. "And I know just the one."

"I still can't believe you're going through the repeats with me," Harry said. "It's nice to have someone to share it with."

"I'm not going through the repeats," Luna said dreamily. "I just know that you are and I had the wonderful idea of seducing you . . . not that it was difficult, you are a teenage boy after all."

"Uh . . . right," Harry agreed. After his meeting with Luna, Harry's mind went back to the problems he had with stealth. "Hagrid maybe?" He asked himself. "He's good in the forest so maybe he can help me." Mind made up, Harry went off in search of his first magical friend.

"Hey Hagrid," Harry called out as he neared the half giant.

"Ello Harry," Hagrid replied. "What can I do for you today?"

"I was wondering if you could teach me about the forbidden forest," Harry said quickly. "How to live in it, how to move in it without getting noticed, that sort of thing."

"Be proud to help you learn," Hagrid agreed. "When do you want to start?"

"Is now too soon?"

"Come on," Hagrid said with a smile. "We'll get a few basics under your belt before we go into the forest."

The next few weeks quickly fell into a routine, 'practice' with Luna in the morning and learning from Hagrid in the afternoon. This went on for some day until finally, Harry decided that he was ready to face Voldemort.

Harry appeared close to the Dark Lord's headquarters and slipped past the guards. After stepping into the house, everything went black. The last thing he remembered was a flash of light and a horrible laugh.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it," Harry chanted when he got up the next morning. "What now?"

"Morning Harry," Neville said. "What do you think . . ."

"Not now Neville," Harry snapped. "Information, that's what I need. I've been stupid, going into this blind. What I need to do is find a death eater and get them to tell me everything they know. And the closest death eater is . . ." Harry gave a slow smile.

The beginning of Harry's day was routine, meet Luna, get breakfast, scare the hell out of Ron and Hermione with his odd behavior. After that, Harry broke routine by going to class.

"Today," Snape loomed over the first row. "I am going to attempt to drill into your thick skulls . . ."

"Shut up you dirty bag of dragon droppings," Harry called out.

"What did you say?" Snape hissed.

"Don't your ears work?" Harry asked, "I guess getting on your knees for old Volde has side effects huh?"

"Why you . . ."

"Catch," Harry doused the Potions Professor with the contents of his cauldron.

Snape screamed in pain as the boiling liquid hit him in the face and ran about the room, blindly trying to find a source of cold water.

"Guess I tried too hard," Harry said to the stunned class. "I'll be a bit less enthusiastic the next time I want detention." With that, Harry got up and left the room.

Harry woke up the next morning, ate breakfast, 'practiced' with Luna, and went to potions.

"Good morning Professor Snape," Harry called out as he walked into the room.

"Detention you arrogant little worm," Snape shouted back.

"Hwa?" Harry was stunned. "But I haven't had a chance to do anything yet?"

"I'm being proactive," Snape growled. "Now sit down and be quiet unless you want me to give you more detention."

"Uh . . . ok," Harry agreed with a shrug. Harry passed the time in class by flicking random ingredients into the Slytherin student's cauldrons. This caused several explosions and turned Draco's hair green . . . before it all fell out. An hour later, and much to the relief of the students. Potions class ended and everyone rushed out the door, everyone that is except for Harry. "Hey, I know you don't have a class right now so you mind if I skip the rest of the day and have detention here?"

"What?" Snape asked in shock.

"Should have known you wouldn't have the balls to say yes," Harry said. "Bet you don't have the balls to use Verataserum on me while you have the chance either."

"You want me to do this don't you?" Snape asked in shock. "Why?"

"You'll just have to use the potion to find out . . . unless of course, you're chicken."

"No one calls Severus Snape a chicken," Snape growled. "Sit down."

Harry watched as Snape pulled a bottle of potion out of his desk, "this won't hurt will it?"

"Unfortunately no," Snape said sourly.

"How do you know how much to give?" Harry asked.

"That's more art than science," Snape said with a grin. "Too much and the subject dies, too little and they might be able to resist . . . I think we'll err on the side of caution."

Harry allowed his Professor to drip several drops of the potion onto his tongue. Why not, it wasn't as if it could cause any damage what with the repeating day. This, Harry mused would be the worst possible time to stop living the same day over and over again.

"Why did you want me to use truth potion on you?" Snape demanded.

"Because you won't learn anything," Harry said smugly . . . well, as smug as he could under the influence of the potion anyway.

"What do you want to keep hidden?" Snape asked, not to be distracted by odd answers from 'the-boy-he-hated.'

"I try new things with Luna every day," Harry droned. "And that I've been killed several times."

"How have you been killed several times?" Snape asked.

"Spells have killed me several times," Harry replied.

"How did you survive?"

"I didn't."

"Why aren't you dead?"

"Because I woke up in my bed," Harry replied.

"You die and then wake up in your bed?" Snape clarified.

"Sometimes," Harry agreed.

"How is that possible?"

"I don't know."

"What's going on?" Snape asked suddenly.

"I'm reliving the same day over and over again," Harry replied.

"Why did you want me to use truth potion on you?"

"So that I would know where to find it."

"What are you planning to do with it now that you know?" Snape asked in fear.

"Use it on you."

"I see," Snape said. It was quite a pickle he'd gotten himself into. If what the Potter boy said was true he couldn't even kill him, brat would just wake up the next day. Which left only one thing, Snape raised his wand. "Obliviate."

Harry woke up in his bed and frowned, bastard tried to wipe his memory . . . but he remembered it, which ment. Harry's eyes widened in shock, spells from one repeat couldn't affect the others. He couldn't understand why he hadn't realised it before, the only thing he ever took with him from one day to the next was memories.

"Morning Harry," Neville called out. "What do you think . . ."

"Hey Neville," Harry said with a grin. "Wanna help me ambush Snape?"

"Not today," Neville said, glancing around nervously as if he was afraid Snape would jump out of the closet.

"Ok," Harry said with a shrug. "I'll do it myself then. If you see Luna, tell her I can't meet with her today but I will meet with her in the next today or two."

"Ok Harry," a very confused Neville agreed.

Harry walked down to the Potions classroom and affixed a large sign on the door stating that class had been canceled for the day.

"Morning Professor," Harry said cheerfully as he walked in.

"What are you doing here this early Potter?" Snape snapped.

Harry stunned his most hated Professor by way of answer and set to work, within minutes the older man had been stripped of anything dangerous and tied to a chair.

"You won't get away with this Potter," Snape screamed when he regained consciousness.

"I wonder how much of this I should use?" Harry mused.

"Put that down," a now nervous Snape commanded. "If you give me the wrong dose it could kill me."

"And if I don't give enough you could resist it," Harry replied. "I think we'll err on the side of caution."

"Murgle," Snape choked as Harry poured half the bottle down his throat.

"Too much I guess," Harry said to himself. "Guess I'll have to try and try again till I get it right, be a shame to miss the opportunity of going through his things though." Harry spent the rest of the day going through Snapes things and studying his personal potions library. "See you tomorrow, err . . . that is today again Professor," Harry called out to the cooling corpse as he walked out of the room.

Harry awoke in his bed the next morning and cheerfully skipped down to the potions classroom. After studying Snape's notes, he was sure

that he could get the dose right this time. Stopping only long enough to put a 'class canceled' sign on the door, Harry walked into the Potions classroom and stunned his professor. "Six drops should do it," Harry said to himself.

"What have you done to me Potter," Snape whispered as he awoke.

"Truth Potion," Harry replied. "Are you a death eater?"

"Yes," Snape whispered.

"Which side are you loyal to?"

"My own," Snape hissed.

"What are your plans for the year?" Harry asked with a yawn.

"I have to help Draco with his mission," Snape said through clenched teeth.

"We'll continue with that later," Harry said. "In the mean time, I have a few things I'd like to learn . . . we'll start with Occclumency."

Again, Harry fell into a routine. Meeting with Luna on one day and interrogating Snape on alternate days. Finally, after an untold number of Repeats Harry decided that he was ready to face Voldemort.

Harry woke up, went to the evil HQ, slipped past the guards, avoided the trap on the front door . . . and awoke in his bed the next morning. "What the hell," Harry grumbled to himself. "Where did I go wrong." His mind replayed the last few seconds of his life, "I walked in on a meeting and they all fired spells at me . . . I think?" Harry was annoyed, he'd died so quickly that it was hard to learn any lessons from it. "I need to learn how to duel," Harry said confidently. "Then I can go back and beat everyone and kill Voldemort and maybe finally see tomorrow."

Harry went down stairs and met Luna, "morning Luna."

"Good morning Harry," Luna replied. "Would you like to go find a secluded place?"

"Sure," Harry agreed.

"How many times have we done this Harry?" Luna asked as the walked down the hall.

"I don't know," Harry said after a moment of thought. "Why?"

"Just wondering," Luna replied.

After his meeting with Luna, Harry went to meet her Head of House. "Professor Flitwick, can I speak with you about something?"

"What is it Harry?" The small Professor asked.

"Could you teach me how to duel?" Harry asked hopefully.

"Of course," the Head of Ravenclaw house agreed. "But why ask now? Is something wrong?"

"I just thought it might be a good time to get proactive," Harry replied.

"Why don't we start after you finish your classes today," Flitwick proposed.

"Sounds good," Harry agreed. Harry spent the next several restarts learning how to duel from the tiny charms Professor.

"Well Harry," Professor Flitwick said after one of the lessons. "I can't understand it but there's nothing I can teach you, you're probably the best natural duelist I've ever had the pleasure to encounter."

"Glad you think so Professor," Harry said happily. "Have a good day."

"You too Harry," Professor Flitwick said with a grin.

"Voldemort won't know what hit him," Harry said with a smile as he went to bed. "Heh heh heh."

Harry awoke the next morning and made his way to the Dark Lord's inner sanctum. Bursting through the doors he cast several spells at the group of waiting death eaters, managing to kill several in his first volley. What followed was one of the most amazing duels in wizarding history, Harry managing to fight a number of death eaters to a stand still without suffering any damage himself . . . Harry woke up the next morning and spent nearly ten minutes cursing.

"Something wrong Harry?" Neville asked nervously.

"I'm not ready yet," Harry replied with a scowl.

"Ready for what?" Neville prompted.

"To kill Voldemort," Harry replied. "May as well work my way through the other Professors before I ask Dumbledore." Harry thought aloud, "later Nev."

"Bye Harry," Neville replied.

Harry learned transfiguration and a bit dueling from McGonagall, wrung every bit of knowledge out of Snape's potion addled mind, learned about plants from Sprout, and Healing from the school nurse. "I'm ready," Harry declared after an untold number of repeated days. "To learn from Dumbledore."

Harry went up to the Headmaster's office and gave the password that he'd learned oh so long ago.

"Harry?" Dumbledore asked in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"Will you teach me?" Harry asked.

"Teach you what?" Dumbledore asked quickly.

"Everything I need to know to beat Voldemort," Harry replied.

"In time," Dumbledore said with a grandfatherly smile.

"Not now?"

"When the time is right, I'll teach you." Dumbledore repeated himself.

"Then will you at least tell me why Voldemort tried to kill me?" Harry fought to keep his calm.

"Not yet," Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye.

"I see," Harry said calmly. "So it's the Snape method then, I'm sorry it had to come to this Professor."

"Come to what Harry?" Dumbledore asked nervously.

"I don't suppose it's any harm to tell you," Harry mused. "We can start doing things the hard way tomorrow."

"Tell me what?" Dumbledore demanded.

"I've been living through the same day for quite some time now," Harry replied. "I've learned everything I can and I still can't defeat Voldemort, I was hoping that you'd help but I guess not huh?"

"The same day?" Dumbledore said in horror. "How do you stay sane?"

"I'm not sure I have," Harry admitted with a frown.

"I see," Dumbledore sighed. "The next time you see me, tell me the word . . . 'burglemurt,' and I will grant you any aid you desire."

"Burglemurt?"

"It was the name of my brother's stuffed goat when he was a child," Albus admitted with a frown. "I'll know what that means."

"Thank you sir," Harry said with a smile. "I appreciate this."

Harry got up the next morning and found Luna. "Luna, can I ask you something?"

"What is it Harry?" Luna asked with unfocused eyes.

"Am I sane?"

"No," Luna replied. "Why?"

"Just wondering if all this time I've spent repeating the same day has left me loopy."

"Don't worry about it," Luna said flippantly.

"Why not?" Harry demanded. "What's the use of finally getting out of this loop if I'm not able to appreciate it?"

"I told you that I meet you every day so that you get enough practice to be really good for my first time right?" Luna asked.

"Yeah?"

"Well it also gives you a bit of stability in your life," Luna explained. "Something to hold on to."

"Oh, thanks Luna."

"No problem Harry," Luna replied. "And speaking of things to hold on to . . ."

Harry was late to his meeting with Dumbledore that day and for several repeats afterward, but he eventually learned everything the old wizard could teach.

"I'm ready," Harry said at the end of one of his lessons. "To face Tom."

"Possibly," Dumbledore agreed. "But it wouldn't hurt to hedge your bets would it?"

"What do you mean by that sir?" Harry asked.

"Have me bring Alistair around to show you a few tricks," Dumbledore suggested. "You can never be too prepared after all."

"If you say so sir," Harry agreed.

Harry awoke in his bed the next morning and thought about his conversation with Dumbledore. "I can learn from Moody after all this is over," Harry mused to himself. "And it's not like it matters after all."

"Morning Harry," Neville said with a yawn. "What do you . . ."

"Not today Neville," Harry interrupted. "Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go kill Voldemort."

"Ok Harry," Neville agreed meekly.

"See you tomorrow Neville," Harry called out over his shoulder. Harry popped over to the Dark Lord's HQ, avoided the guard, managed to not set off the trap, slipped into the room with the meeting, and managed to kill half of Voldemort's followers before they even noticed that he was there.

Harry woke up in his bed the next morning, "still need practice before I can take on the other half." Harry mused to himself. "Good to know."

"Morning Harry," Neville said with a yawn. "What do you . . ."

"Can't you say something else?" Harry asked in exasperation, "call me a bastard or something."

"What?"

"Call me a bastard," Harry repeated himself.

"Ok . . . bastard," Neville said slowly.

"Thanks Nev," Harry said as he walked out of the room. "You're a real pal."

"But . . ." Neville said to the empty room, "you're not wearing any clothes."

Harry ignored the stares as he walked out of the common room and to the Headmaster's office, gave the password, and walked in without announcing himself.

"Who is . . . oh hello Harry," Dumbledore said with an odd look on his face. "Is there some reason you aren't wearing clothes?"

"Hmmm," Harry glanced down at himself. "I am wearing clothes."

"I . . . see," Dumbledore tried to figure out a response to that. "Um . . . has anything been going on in your life lately?"

"Not much," Harry replied. "Keep getting killed by Voldemort but I'm gonna get him one of these days."

"Really?" Dumbledore was beginning to regret putting the poor boy with the Dursleys. "Is there anything you'd like to share with me?"

"Could you have Moody drop by to give me a few lessons?" Harry asked, "I need some tips on fighting dirty."

"Alright," Dumbledore agreed. "Just stay calm and Moody will come see you."

"Great," Harry said with a grin. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go meet Luna and have some breakfast."

"Are you sure you don't want to put on some clothing first?" Dumbledore asked as Harry walked out.

Harry paused, looked down at himself, and looked back at Dumbledore. "I am wearing clothing."

"Uh . . . right then."

Harry met Luna on his way to the great hall. "Hello Harry," Luna said with a grin. "Is there some reason you decided not to wear any clothing today?"

"I am wearing clothing Luna," Harry replied.

"I don't see any?" Luna made a careful inspection of Harry's body including a pat down to check for invisible clothing, much to the interest of some of the watching girls . . . and a few of the boys.

"I'm wearing a wand holster on my forearm," Harry explained.

"Yes but I wouldn't call that clothing," Luna said quickly. "It's more of an accessory."

"Really?" Harry looked at the offending item.

"Trust me," Luna said firmly.

"If you say so," Harry agreed slowly. "So wanna go find some place secluded?"

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Let's go."

Harry and Luna were just finishing up when a knock sounded on the door to the broom closet. "Open up Potter." A gravelly voice demanded.

"That you Moody?" Harry called back.

"It is," Moody agreed. "Now open up, I can see that you're finished."

"Just a break before round three but I suppose we can postpone that," Harry replied. "See you today Luna."

"The next one I think," Luna replied. "I want to get some homework done today."

"But . . . why bother?" Harry asked, "you can't remember what happens on the repeats can you?"

"No," Luna replied. "But it's always a good idea to get your homework done."

"I . . ." Harry gave up. "Ok, see you then."

"Bye Harry," Luna gave him a kiss on the cheek and walked out of the broom closet.

"Now what's this about you wanting to meet with me?" Moody demanded, "and why have you been walking around naked?"

"That was all a misunderstanding," Harry replied.

"Oh?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "I thought I was wearing clothes."

"That's alright then," Moody said with a relieved smile.

"Till Luna told me that a wand holster is more of an accessory than an item of clothing," Harry continued. "Boy was my face red."

"Er . . . right," Moody said gruffly. "Now why did you want to see me?"

"Wanted to get some lessons on fighting dirty," Harry replied.

"When did you want 'em?" Moody asked.

"Today," Harry said. "Just today."

"Alright," Moody agreed. "But I think you'll need more than just one day."

"I plan on taking as many as I need," Harry said. "Now let's get started."

An untold number of restarts later . . . Harry got up, went to the Dark HQ, bypassed the guard, avoided the trap, killed most of the death eaters in his first strike.

Harry woke up in bed the next day with a smile, he'd killed Voldemort. Granted it was a mutual take out but it was still something to be proud of. A little more practice was all it would take. "Woo hoo," Harry screamed. His dorm mates stared in shock as Harry jumped out of bed and started break dancing.

"You ok mate?" Ron asked.

"Never better," Harry replied. "I killed Voldemort."

"Really?" Ron asked. "When you do that?"

"Today," Harry replied. "And I'll do it again and again till I figure out how to do it without dieing."

"Well . . . good luck with that then mate," Ron said with a weak smile.

"Thanks Ron," Harry said. "I'll be celebrating with Luna all day if you need me."

"Did that seem odd to anyone else?" Ron asked after Harry left.

"At least he's wearing clothes," Neville offered.

"Why wouldn't he be wearing clothes?" Ron asked with a frown.

"I . . . don't know," Neville said with a frown. "It just popped into my head for some reason."

Harry spent the next several restarts 'celebrating' with Luna, much to her pleasure.

Harry woke up in bed and paused. "Who's left?" Harry asked himself, "I've learned everything I can at Hogwarts . . . maybe it's time for me to start learning everything I can outside of Hogwarts?"

Over the next few years of subjective time, Harry traveled the world. He became an expert in all forms of magic, no one could stand against him on the field of battle.

Harry woke up in his bed, went to the dark HQ, killed the guard, destroyed the trap, massacred the followers.

Harry woke up in his bed. "WHAT THE HELL?" He screamed, waking up his dorm mates. "Why am I back here? How did I die? I killed the bastard didn't I? I don't remember dieing, I still had the rest of that day."

"You ok Harry?" Ron asked nervously.

"Screw it," Harry growled. "To hell with Voldemort."

A trail of students followed Harry as he stormed up to the Astronomy tower. "What are you doing Harry?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Learning to fly," Harry replied. The last thing he remembered before he woke up was Hermione's terrified scream.

Harry drank everything he could find in Snape's office the next day and he swam to the bottom of the lake the next. This went on for quite some time until . . .

Harry awoke that morning and paused, thinking back to an incident that had occurred several . . . years? In his subjective past. "Snape wiped my memory and it didn't stick, I wonder if anyone else had played with my thoughts?"

It took two weeks of subjective time before Harry managed to develop a method of restoring lost memories and another month before he managed to find a way to get everything done in one day. Taking a deep breath Harry cast the spell on himself and was shocked to find what was hidden. "Bastards," He growled. He remembered a few incidents that had been removed by Lockheart, more detentions with Snape, and even a couple things that Dumbledore didn't want him to know. Harry got up and walked down to the great hall and interrupted everyone's dinner by killing Snape.

"Was there some reason you did that Harry?" Dumbledore asked with false calm.

"He obliviated me," Harry growled. "You're next, then I'm going to get Fudge and his minions."

"I see," Dumbledore said gravely. "I don't suppose it would help if I told you it was for the greater good would it?"

"No," Harry said. "I don't suppose it would."

"I see," Dumbledore replied. "Minerva . . . now."

"She's not standing behind me," Harry said with a smirk. "I can see her over there."

"Yes," Dumbledore agreed. "I just did that so you wouldn't notice that I was making a portkey . . . cheerio." With that, Dumbledore disappeared.

"I hate that guy," Harry replied. "Well, there's always Fudge."

Harry woke up the next morning, why had he been so angry? He remembered that he'd fixed the tampering in his head, he remembered that what he'd learned angered him, but he couldn't remember what he'd learned.

"Morning Harry," Neville said. "What do . . ."

"I haven't decided if he's going to live today," Harry said thoughtfully. "So I'd rather not speculate what might get taught."

"Uh . . . right."

"Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to to fix my memory again."

"Ok," Neville said as Harry swept out of the room.

Harry spent most of the day restoring his memory. "So that's what I was so angry about," he hissed. "Well . . . I killed most of them, I just got to figure out a way to get revenge on Dumbledore and everything will be ok." Taking out a quill, Harry wrote a brief description of every

memory that had been tampered with and then spent the rest of the day memorising them.

Harry woke up in his bed, "how do I get out of this." He moaned to himself.

"Morning Harry," Neville said with a yawn. "What do you think . . ."

"I don't know Nev," Harry interrupted. Harry swept out of the room and met Luna in front of the Great Hall.

"Morning Harry," Luna said with a smile. "What's wrong?"

"You know how I've been living the same day over and over again right?"

"Yes," Luna agreed.

"I just wish I knew how to break the cycle," Harry said. "I'm tired of it."

"Live the day as if it were your last and it will be," Luna said.

"Oh," Harry thought about that for a minute. "Then why did I die after I killed Voldemort?"

"Dead man switch," Luna replied. "You've been repeating the same day this long and you didn't know that?"

"Thanks Luna," Harry said with a grin. "I owe you one."

"So . . . you want to shag?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. No matter how down he got, Luna always managed to cheer him up.

Harry woke up in his bed.

"Morning Harry," Neville said. "What do you think'll going to happen in Potions today."

"Nothing bad," Harry replied. "You can be sure of that."

"I hope you're right Harry," Neville said with a weak grin.

Harry walked down to the great hall and met Luna.

"Good morning Harry," Luna said with a smile. "How are you today?"

"Better then I've been in a long time." Harry replied. "Come on."

"Where are we going?" Luna asked.

"Well," Harry began. "First we're going to force feed Snape a cheering potion, then I was thinking we'd kill Voldemort."

"Well," Luna stopped to think about that for a while. "Ok."

The young couple walked into the potions class room and stunned Snape.

"Grab the third bottle from the left on the second shelf," Harry ordered. "And dump the entire thing down his throat."

"This is a cheering potion?" Luna asked.

"No it's a bowel disruption potion," Harry said. "I don't think it'll be possible to give him enough cheering potion without killing him so the memory of Snape soiling himself in class will have to be good enough."

"Ok," Luna said, dumping the bottle down Snape's throat. "Now what?"

"Now we kill Voldemort," Harry said. "Let's go."

Harry and Luna killed the guard, entered the house, avoided the trap, massacred the followers, disabled Voldemort, removed the dead man switch that the Dark Lord had hidden in an uncomfortable place, and finished off the last Riddle.

"Now what?" Luna demanded.

"Only thing I can think to do is to go back to Hogwarts and restore my lost memories," Harry said. "Oh and cast that curse on Dumbledore that causes swarms of moths to eat his socks." And that's just what they did. "The perfect end to the perfect day," Harry said as he watched Dumbledore try to evade the moths.

"You forgot to do one thing," Luna said slipping out of her robes.

Harry woke up in his bed that morning and sighed. "Now what?" He said aloud.

"Go back to sleep," Luna groaned. "We can do it again later."

"Wha?" Harry glanced at his companion, "I'm free."

"Free to shut the hell up," Luna muttered. Apparently, the young blond wasn't a morning person.

The End

AN: This story should seem a bit rushed, some of that is because of the movie which always seemed a bit rushed to me and some of it is because I was too lazy to fix it. I'll let you decide which parts are which. I wrote this fic both to get it out of my head and to try doing things another way, not sure I'm going to keep doing it but it was fun to try something new. No, there isn't an explanation for why Harry did the same day over and over again. Wasn't one in the movie was there? I was going to add a scene where, let's just say something besides hair got used in Polyjuice and it made the potion permanent. Was also going to have Harry get it from Tonks so he'd be able to morph, didn't end up using that, couldn't think of a reason to. Wanted to stop at twenty pages and I did, yay for me.

Tragic Hero

"I'll always remember you," the seventh year Ravenclaw gave Harry a long lingering kiss.

"I know that I can beat him," Harry hugged . . . Suzy? Jill? Tight, "goodbye."

"Goodbye Harry," the girl called after him. "I know you can do it."

"I must be going," Harry shuddered. "To meet my destiny."

"Good luck," the girl called out after Harry as he left the room.

Harry rushed out of the room and around the corner and slowed to a walk.

"Bloody hell mate," Ron shook his head in awe. "That's what . . . number three tonight?"

"Number five," Harry shrugged. "It's surprising how many girls want to take the opportunity to comfort the tragic hero before he goes into battle."

"I know this was my idea," Ron shook his head. "But don't you think it's getting to be a bit much? I mean, they're going to talk to each other one of these days and sooner or later one of them is going to realise that you haven't gone to face the dark lord."

"I've only done this for two days and I made it quite clear what my intentions were," Harry sighed. "And I think that was the last one."

"Don't get hasty mate," Ron waved his hands. "I'm not saying you should stop, just that you should slow down a bit."

"Thanks Ron," Harry gave the surprised Weasley a hug. "You're the best friend a guy could ask for."

"You too Harry," Ron nodded. "Now let's get back to the tower before someone catches us."

"You go ahead," Harry patted his friend on the back. "There's something I need to do first."

"Bloody hell mate," Ron shook his head. "Another one?"

"No," Harry smiled. "I've got something to do that isn't . . . that."

"Well," Ron paused. "Ok mate, I guess I'll see you there."

"Don't wait up," Harry smiled. "It might take a while."

Harry waited till Ron left before he pulled out his map, "now where is Hermione?"

"Right behind you Harry," Hermione's sharp voice replied. "Now are you going to tell me why you're out of the tower at this time of night?"

"I wanted to tell you something," Harry smiled.

"What?" Hermione started to relax, "is your scar hurting again?"

"No," Harry gave Hermione a hug. "I just wanted to tell you what a good friend you were."

"Thanks Harry," Hermione gave the boy an odd look. "What brought this on?"

"I was worried that you didn't know how much our friendship means to me and I felt the need to tell you," Harry let her go. "Sorry to seem so melodramatic but . . ."

"It's ok Harry," Hermione smiled. "Thank you."

"I'd better get going," Harry smiled. "Thanks for being my friend Hermione."

"You're welcome Harry," Hermione nodded. "Try not to get caught by one of the teachers."

"Bye Hermione," Harry rounded the corner and changed directions.

It took Harry fifteen minutes to get out of the castle and another twenty to make his way to Voldemort's latest hideout.

"I'm here Tom," Harry called out. "Let's finish this."

"Do you think you can beat me Potter?" Voldemort gave a cold smile, "I have years of experience and legions of followers."

"I know," Harry nodded. "One of my friends mentioned it to me a few days ago . . . he was telling me a great way to get girls and . . . well, I wasn't going to do it till he mentioned your power and followers."

"Get to the point Potter," the dark lord hated these monologues.

"Well," Harry smiled. "Without meaning to, he convinced me that there was no way in hell that I could ever beat you so I decided to try out his method of getting girls and you know what? It worked, there is nothing that attracts girls better then a tragic hero that's about to go off to fight an impossible battle."

"I thought I said to get to the point," the dark lord fingered his wand.

"Sorry," Harry shrugged. "Just wanted to give you and the minions a little background information. Well tonight my friend convinced me that I've used the hero thing to good effect so I figured . . .what the hell, might as well come here and get this over with."

"Are you finished?" The dark lord frowned.

"Yup," Harry nodded. "Do you want to duel to the death or would you rather just hit me with a killing curse?"

"You aren't even going to try to escape are you?" Voldemort closed his eyes.

"What would be the point?" Harry blinked, "it'd just be prolonging the inevitable . . . besides, after all the 'exercise' I've gotten tonight I'd be lucky to make it twenty feet without collapsing."

"Very well Potter," Voldemort raised his wand. "I'll allow you the satisfaction of knowing that you robbed me of the satisfaction I'd get from breaking you totally . . . Avada Kedavra."

The killing curse shot out of Voldemort's wand and struck Harry in the chest.

"Are you sure that you did that correctly?" Harry looked down at his chest, "I don't . . . wait, I feel something."

A bright beam of light shot out of Harry's chest and destroyed the dark lord.

"My mark's gone," one of the death eaters stared at his arm in shock. "The dark lord is gone for good, so that must mean. . . it's an ambush."

"Let's get out of here," another agreed.

"Wha?" Harry watched in shock as the death eaters popped out, "well that was unexpected."

"How did you do that Potter?" Snape removed his mask.

"I'm not sure," Harry shrugged. "To be honest, that wasn't what I was expecting to happen."

"Well," Snape rubbed his arm. "You defeated the dark lord, what are you gonna do now?"

Harry thought back to all the girls that had given him a send off and about the possible consequences of his actions over the past few days, "damn . . . what am I gonna do now?"

AN: This was a oneshot, I very much doubt that I will write anymore of this. What happens next? Who knows. Omake 01 follows the same story line as most every song fic I've ever read.

Omake: A Typical Terrible Song Fic.

NOTE: I wrote this terrible song so it does not violate the rules on had just gotten a cd player or possibly an ipock and he was listening to the BLOT which was the bestest band in the whole world.

As he listened to the lyrics, he started to think about how they reflected his life.

The dog's named slim and the milk is skim

Yeah, Harry nodded. The Dursleys treated him like a dog and forced him to drink skim milk.

I ride my bike to the giant dyke, it keeps out the watter and we do what we gotta.

He was always doing what he had to do to keep the wizarding world safe.

Skum and cream aint what it seem, float to the top and forced to eat slop.

He was at the top of the wizarding world along with Voldemort and they were both forced to eat slop.

Down it the muck, live like a duck, life's gotta suck, live like a duck.

Yeah, they were always forcing him to live with the Dursleys, he was pretty sure that he'd already whined about that but screw it.

Indian Sam, fast as he can, jumped across the span, Indian Sam.

He wasn't sure what that meant but he was sure it reflected some profound aspect of his life.

Song aint no more, drop to the floor, eat up the carpet, then become a . . . snarket? Um . . . yeah, a snarket.

The last line firmed his resolve, Voldemort was going down and Harry was going to be the one that finally put him in the ground.

Omake 02:

"You may have beaten me," Voldemort sneered. "But I'll just come back stronger than you can imagine."

"Yes I'm well aware of the fact that you'll come back if I destroy your body." Harry nodded, "so I'm not going to destroy it . . . I'm going to change it."

"Wha?" The dark lord's eyes widened in fear.

"Good bye Tom," Harry transfigured the broken man into a loaf of bread.

The next day Harry went back to the Dursleys and cooked them up a large breakfast for the last time. There were eggs, slabs of bacon, and a surprisingly large amount of toast.

As for the dark lord? Well, he spent several days contemplating his mistakes from Dudley's colon and then spent the next few years waiting for the spells to expire from . . . well, I think you can guess.